

# CHATELAINÉ

FOR THE CANADIAN WOMAN

DECEMBER 1951 15 CENTS



She hangs the cleanest wash  
in town

... she swears by *TIDE*!



She hangs the cleanest wash in town—  
From work clothes right to "undies"!  
It sparkles so, you simply know   
She uses *Tide* on Mondays!

**NEW *Tide* GETS CLOTHES  
CLEANER THAN ANY SOAP!**

**No soap—no other product sold in all  
Canada will wash as clean as *TIDE*!**

**NEW STEPPED-UP WASHING POWER!** Every grain of new Heavyweight Tide does more work—get clothes *cleaner*! Just try it in your washing machine. Wring out your clothes, rinse them, and, lady, you'll hang up a *cleaner* wash than you'll get with *any* soap—or any other washing product sold from coast to coast! You'll get the *cleanest* wash in town!

**NOT ONLY CLEANER—WHITER, TOO!** Yes, Ma'am! In *hardest* water, new Heavyweight Tide will wash your shirts, sheets, curtains *whiter* than any soap you can name! They'll be so *shining white*... so *radiantly clean*, you'll never want to trust them to anything else but Tide!

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**CLEANEST  
WASH IN  
TOWN!**

**P.S. PREFER TO SKIP RINSING?**

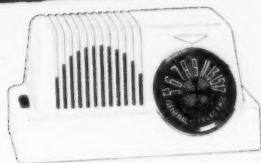
With new Tide you can skip rinsing, and save all that time and work. Just wash, wring out, hang up. Tide will give you the cleanest possible no-rinse wash!



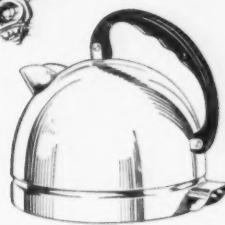
Someone you know  
would love one of  
these Gifts



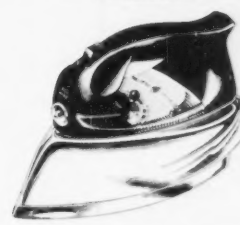
Work-saving Featherweight Iron—constant reminder of your best wishes all year through!



Fine-toned Radios are gifts that keep on giving day-in, day-out happiness for many years.



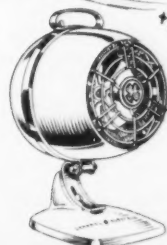
Fast-boiling Electric Kettle will earn a special thank-you from someone on your gift list.



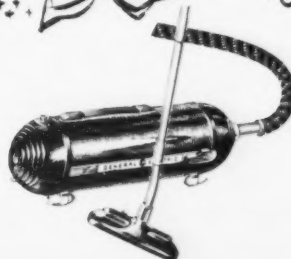
Irons with steam or dry—a reminder of your thoughtfulness every day the year 'round.



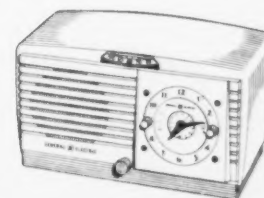
For homelovers, this Floor Polisher is the supremely suitable gift. Saves hours of work.



Give luxurious warmth! The Fan Heater is a gift that will warm the heart, and the home.



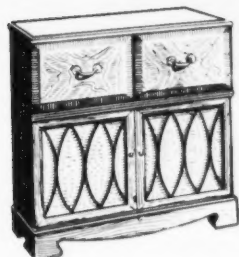
Play Santa with a Vacuum Cleaner... and banish hours of drudgery for many years to come.



Priceless gift for sleepy-heads! Wake-up-to-music Clock-Radios start every day pleasantly.

# GENERAL ELECTRIC APPLIANCES

...the gifts that give year-in and year-out happiness



Superb instruments, these Radio-Phonographs! The delightful gift a whole family will love.



Marvellously modern electric Range—the gift sure to make "someone special" extra-happy.



Gift that combines sense with sentiment! Washer gives extra freedom for happier living.



The bright and happy solution to your gift problem—a sleek and gleaming Refrigerator!

Listen to the C-G-E Radio Show—featuring The Leslie Bell Singers, Howard Cable and the Orchestra, Charles Jordan, Baritone—every Sunday evening, CBC Dominion network.

**CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY  
LIMITED**

HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO—Sales Offices from Coast to Coast

**Your G-E Dealer  
-Headquarters for  
Christmas shopping**



#### Among the "Secondary Invaders" Are Germs of the Pneumonia and "Strep" Types.

These, and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.



(1) Pneumococcus Type III, (2) Bacillus influenzae, (3) Streptococcus hemolyticus, (4) Pneumococcus Type IV, (5) Streptococcus viridans.

### Prompt Action . . . can often help head them off or lessen their severity

**W**HATEVER ELSE YOU DO, gargle Listerine Antiseptic at the first hint of a sneeze, sniffle, cough or scratchy throat due to a cold.

#### Kills Germs on Throat Surfaces

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including those called "secondary invaders." (See panel above.) These are the very bacteria that often are responsible for so much of a cold's misery when they stage a mass invasion of the body through throat tissues.

Listerine Antiseptic is so efficient because, used early and often, it frequently helps halt such a mass invasion . . . helps nip the cold in the bud, so to speak.

#### Fewer Colds and Sore Throats in Tests

Remember, tests made over a 12-year period in great industrial plants disclosed this record: That twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic users had fewer colds, generally milder colds, and fewer sore throats than non-users.

LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL CO. (Canada) Ltd.

(MADE IN CANADA)

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Cover photograph by Paul Rockett

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# FRAGMENT

## FROM GOLDEN, B.C.

Up in Golden, B.C., live two little girls, Kay and Trudy.

One snowy night in mid-October their parents took them to their "whistle-stop" station to see a train come in.

The next morning Kay wrote a letter.

Dear Princess Anne and Prince Charles:

We are writing to tell you that your Mummy and Daddy slept here in Golden last night and our Mummy spoke to yours. I am Kay aged 10 and Trudy is 3½.

Trudy slept all afternoon. The train pulled in at half past ten in a snowstorm. The smiling porter stepped off with a broom and began to sweep. Your Daddy was bareheaded and had a long overcoat on and we thought he was so big and handsome. Your Mummy was wearing her fur coat, rubbers and had a blue scarf on her head. She looked so pretty and kind that everyone fell in love with her right there.

Daddy held Trudy up so that she could see. She was waving a flag. A man came along and took Trudy and showed her to your Mummy. Your Mummy asked how old she was and when Mummy told her she said, "The same age as Charles," so she's thinking about you.

Just then we heard your Daddy say, "Well it's time all these children were in bed," and we know he must be a good wise father. Everyone laughed and cheered as they climbed back aboard the train and pulled away to find a quiet place for them to sleep. Yours with love, Kay and Trudy.

The children's mother sent me a copy of the letter and I'm giving it to you because I think it's one of the most human and heart-warming fragments of the whole Royal Tour.

It's a good letter to read at this Christmas season. For grownups are liable to do to Christmas what they did to the Tour—overload it with routine procedure and conventions.

In her straightforward approach, in her thought of sharing with two other children a moment that thrilled her, Kay was reacting like any child. Yet, to my knowledge, her letter is unique in the story of the Tour. I'm sure that Princess Elizabeth has read it aloud to her son who is old enough to like the picture it gives—and that it will be kept handy while all the formal addresses of welcome are filed in limbo.

This Christmas, let's reflect the direct simplicity of children in searching for the true beauty of Christmas.

From all of us on Chatelaine to all of you who read us, A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

By Mrs. Hops Sanders.

# THE ALCOHOLIC

**Alcoholism** is the abnormal and uncontrollable use of alcohol to an extent seriously detrimental to physical and mental health. This condition is now recognized as an important medical and public health problem.

Fortunately, medical, health, welfare, and religious agencies, industrial and other employers

have taken a practical, realistic view of this problem. They are attacking it factually and without undue emotionalism.

This enlightened approach offers great hope to all those who now are chronic alcoholics — as well as to those who are running the risk of becoming chronic alcoholics.

## 1. What is the cause of alcoholism?

Authorities have found no *one* cause for this condition. Research shows, however, that alcoholics are usually people who do not seem able to face life in a mature manner because of some underlying mental or emotional condition which the alcoholic himself may not clearly recognize. They seem to seek escape by excessive drinking — and eventually they become dependent on alcohol just to go on living.

Some authorities also believe that an alcoholic's body chemistry differs from that of normal persons, and that this difference results in an unnatural appetite for alcohol. Excessive drinking, however, is in all cases a *symptom*. Often the symptom can be removed, but it is very apt to return unless the underlying trouble is eliminated.

## 2. What are the dangers of alcoholism?

Both physical and mental disorders may result from excessive drinking. Nutritional disturbances frequently occur, and certain vital organs may be harmed. Eventually most alcoholics undergo distinct personality changes that add to their instability. Alcoholics are definitely "accident prone."

The industrial accident rate among excessive drinkers is from 100 to 200 percent higher than among non-alcoholics alongside whom they work. Other accident hazards are increased by the excessive use of alcohol. It also takes its toll socially in wrecked family life — and economically it is claimed to cause a loss of millions of dollars annually.

## 3. How can medical science help the alcoholic?

Although there is no specific remedy for alcoholism, much can be done to help a person stop drinking com-

pletely. The success of any form of treatment, however, depends upon the alcoholic himself who must absolutely want to break the habit. Once he has stopped, most authorities agree that the real alcoholic cannot drink again with safety.

Psychotherapy may be used to help the patient recognize his problems and how to deal with them without the use of alcohol. Certain medicines, which should be used only under the guidance of a doctor, are also available. These medicines may help to wean the patient away from drink.

It is important, too, for the alcoholic to re-establish a routine of healthful living through proper diet, sufficient relaxation and sleep, and attention to other health measures that are usually disrupted by excessive drinking. In some cases, occupational guidance may be appropriate.

## 4. How can everyone help the alcoholic?

The general public — all of us — can help overcome the prejudices that have long existed about alcoholics by looking upon chronic drinkers as persons subject to serious physical and mental handicaps.

We must help them through sympathy and understanding, and aid them to obtain the type of treatment that they need. This treatment may be individual or group therapy given by the doctor, or mutual aid provided through organizations such as Alcoholics Anonymous.

We can also support and encourage the development of programs for the scientific study and control of this problem. In these ways, we can all do our part toward restoring thousands of men and women to healthy, happy, useful lives. Additional information on alcoholism is in Metropolitan's free booklet, 121-L, "The Alcoholic."



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**Metropolitan Life Insurance Company**  
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Home Office: New York

Canadian Head Office: Ottawa

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company  
Canadian Head Office, Ottawa 4, Canada

Please send me a copy of your booklet, 121-L, entitled "The Alcoholic."

Name

Street

City

Prov.

So easy to make....

# Butterscotch Crunch Pie

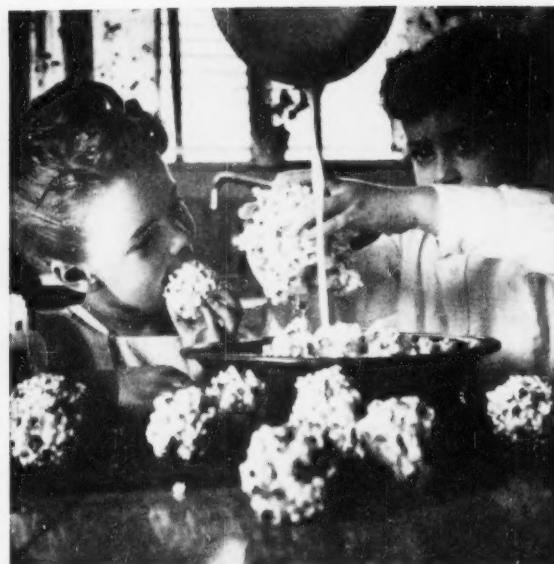
Make this gorgeous pie in a matter of minutes. You can also make a tempting variety of desserts, tarts and fillings with Shirriff's "Bud" Desserts—chocolate, caramel, butterscotch or vanilla. Shirriff's flavour is always extra rich... sealed liquid-fresh in the flavour "Bud", a shell of pure sugar, till you make the dessert.

made with  
**SHIRRIFF'S**  
"BUD" DESSERTS

Prepare Shirriff's Butterscotch "Bud" Dessert as directed, using 2 cups milk. When cool, stir in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup finely crushed peanut brittle. Place in baked pastry shell or crumb crust and chill. Spread top with sweetened whipped cream and sprinkle with crushed peanut brittle. To be sure of extra rich, extra fresh flavour, always use Shirriff's "Bud" Desserts.



**SHIRRIFF'S**  
"BUD" DESSERTS



While Linda pours a hot mixture of melted marshmallows and butter on the popcorn, Eddie mixes it with well-greased hands. No thermometer is needed for this recipe.

## CHRISTMAS CANDY THE KIDS CAN MAKE FOR THEMSELVES

by MARION GRAHAM Chatelaine Institute

RECIPES FOR THESE CANDIES ARE ON PAGE 57



As Linda chooses well-puffed marshmallows to dip in melted chocolate, the younger kiddies enjoy rolling coated marshmallows in desiccated coconut.





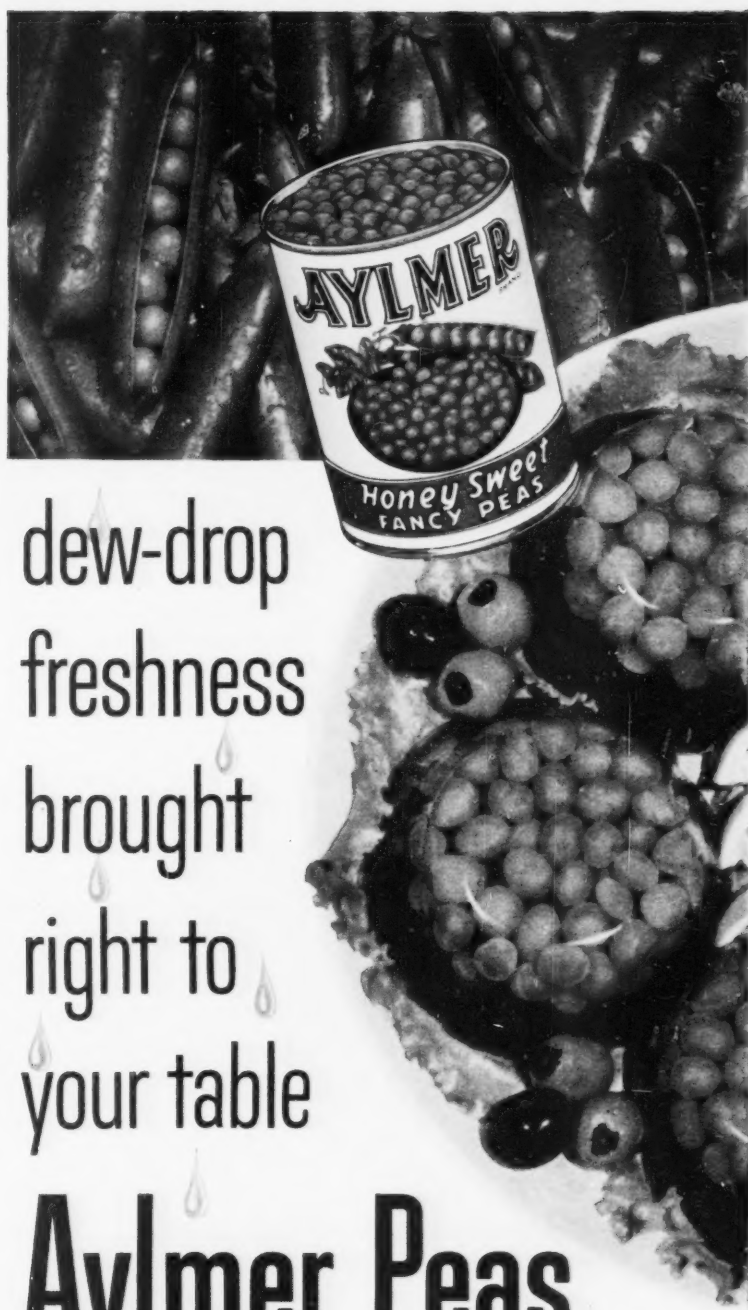
With two pairs of fascinated eyes glued to the penguins, Linda attaches the small prune head to the penguin's body made of a large pitted prune with a puffy marshmallow.



Here Pam watches her older sister shape a coconut peak for the final step of chocolate dipping. This candy is made of potatoes, sugar and coconut.



As Eddie pushes the rice cereal and marshmallow mixture into greased star shapes, he shows the trick to Krispie Stars—pack firmly. Then chill.



# Aylmer Peas

## PEAS IN TOMATO ASPIC

- |                              |   |
|------------------------------|---|
| 1 package lemon jelly powder | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt                     |
| 1 cup boiling water          | Dash of pepper                                  |
| 1 cup Aylmer tomato juice    | $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 cup well-drained Aylmer Peas |

Dissolve jelly powder in boiling water. Add tomato juice, salt and pepper. Rinse 6 moulds in cold water. Pour 3 tbsp. jelly mixture into each mould and add 2 or 3 tbsp. peas. Allow to partially set. Add remaining jelly mixture. Place in frig. until firm. Serves 6.

Canadian Canners Ltd., Hamilton



# How to prove Penaten in Woodbury Cold Cream...



cleanses  
deeper

Virginia Mayo proves Woodbury's exclusive new miracle ingredient, Penaten, actually penetrates much *deeper* into pore openings, lets Woodbury's wonderful cleansing oils loosen *every* trace of grime and make-up.



softens  
better

Lovely co-star of Warner Bros.' "Painting the Clouds with Sunshine" (Color by Technicolor), shows how Woodbury Cold Cream loosens hidden dirt so it's easy to wipe away. And Penaten takes the rich oils so *deep* your skin feels velvet-soft.



smooths more  
luxuriously

A touch tells how Penaten *smooths*! Prove to yourself how radiant the extra-deep cleansing of Woodbury Cold Cream leaves your skin—how adorably *soft* it makes it feel! Only 23¢, 45¢, 78¢ and \$1.15.

(MADE IN CANADA)

BY  
ROBERT J.  
FREWIN



Pianist-car dealer Ernie Seitz wrote the tune, actor Gene Lockhart the words

## THE WORLD IS WAITING FOR THAT SUNRISE AGAIN

*Two Canadians stood up all night writing the sentimental ballad which after 33 years and a face-lifting is now making jukeboxes bounce*

This tired, beat-up and slightly punchdrunk old world is looking for the sunrise again—looking for it with revived hope and optimism for the third time in 33 years.

That at least is the global weather forecast of a Toronto composer and motor car dealer named Ernest Seitz, based on the ferociousness with which jukeboxes and radios are currently blaring a jazzed-up version of a once-plaintive ballad named *The World is Waiting for the Sunrise*. Seitz is entitled to an opinion because he wrote the song which is now currently enjoying its second enthusiastic revival.

"When it was first played in 1918 the war had just ended and everyone *was* waiting for the sunrise, for a new life and better times," says the concert pianist turned business executive and philosopher.

"When it was first revived in 1938 we were just getting out of the depression and people were again looking for something better—for a sunrise. Maybe today we're in another of those periods of optimism and looking for better days ahead."

Most Canadians would have trouble naming a fellow citizen who has written a real song hit, but among the all-time hit parade titles *Sunrise* is unique—and a famous Canadian stage and screen star collaborated with Canadian Seitz by writing the lyrics.

Ernest Seitz first picked out the melody on the piano when he was 14, polished it up when he was 25 for an ambitious young actor friend named Gene Lockhart from London, Ontario, who needed music for a new touring company called the Pierrot Players. Then to suit the publishers, Chappell and Company, Ernie and Gene rewrote the whole thing in an all-night session in a New York hotel room.

"The final version was written on the wall," recalls Seitz with a grin. "The desk in the room wasn't much good so I revised the song standing up, holding music paper against the wall. Then I handed the song to Gene and he wrote the lyrics just as they are today."

Seitz says that Lockhart, who has since kept hopping nimbly back and forth from New York to Hollywood in one character role after another, including a recent Broadway success in *The Death of a Salesman*, was an amazing versifier. "He used to entertain us by conversing in rhyming couplets."

Nobody seems to know exactly how many copies of the *Sunrise* sheet music have been sold over the years, but 25 different artists have recorded it, from concert violinist Fritz Kreisler to the raucous Spike

Leaves  
you  
lovelier!



Jones. The original, or plaintive ballad version, won an immediate success, and was sung around the world in French, Italian and German. Then it settled down happily to being a popular "standard."

The song did wane a bit for a time, inspiring only occasional solos at church weddings, and some nostalgic harmonizing by little groups of ex-sheiks and flappers mourning the flaming twenties around gin-stained pianos. But along about 1938 Sunrise boomed again as kids danced cheek to cheek in sentimental intervals between bouts of the Big Apple.

The world seemed to despair of ever seeing the sun rise again during the second global war and after, until this fall when two talented jazz artists coaxed it over the horizon again with a pair of electric guitars. The recording team (in current jargon a "combo") of Les Paul and Mary Ford dusted off Sunrise with a staccato jump beat and set it climbing swiftly skyward until by late October it had reached sixth place on the Lucky Strike Hit Parade.

The man who started the whole thing got his own musical start at the tender age of four. His father, the late Joseph J. Seitz, president of the Underwood-Elliott-Fisher typewriter company, promised a prize to whichever of two older children showed the more improvement in their piano playing during the time he was absent on a business trip. On father's return the older brother and sister duly performed; then young Ernie asked to be hoisted to the piano stool.

"I played the piece my brother had played—the Bluebells of Scotland," relates Seitz, "and my father said I played it better than Joe. I had never had a lesson and no one knew I was able to play. Or so the family told me later; I don't remember any of this myself."

Seitz studied in England and Germany and made his concert debut in Toronto in 1915, at the age of 23. (Brother Joe, incidentally, took his musical defeat philosophically and made the best of things by succeeding his father as president of Underwood.) A year later Ernest Seitz joined the faculty of the Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto, where he taught until his professional retirement in 1945.

As a serious concert pianist Seitz toured both Canada and the U. S., and while he seldom played his famous song in public ("never felt it had any place in my concert programs") he has a natural fondness for it. Today at 59 (a youngish 59, his bushy brown hair only slightly fringed with grey) he looks less like a composer than a rather distinguished businessman, which in fact he is as president of Toronto's A. D. Gorrie and Co., one of the country's largest auto agencies.

He's quite happy that the hit he wrote with Lockhart so long ago is enjoying a new run, but his own explanation of its amazing success is modest and objective: "It is a simple, self-contained melody with a short range anyone can sing; and it is coupled with Gene's rather intriguing words. Neither the melody nor the words are what you might call deep, yet the song can't be described as musical tripe."

Seitz says it still embarrasses him when people rush up to tell him Sunrise is their favorite song, but he confesses it has given him three big moments which have meant as much to him as the money he has made from it. The first was when he heard Fritz Kreisler's recording of it ("to have a great artist like Kreisler play your song is an honor"); the second when he happened to hear Fred Waring's glee club do a special Sunrise arrangement on the radio ("they did such a fine job I sat down and wrote my first and only fan letter"). Then about a year ago when his son Burke was married, radio tenor George Murray, a guest at the wedding reception, did an impromptu rendition.

"I have heard the song arranged for full orchestra, octet, quartet, chorus, and solo," says Seitz, "but George Murray's simple performance was a highlight."

After two years and two generations, Sunrise remains a song which is loved around the earth and which will probably see other revivals whenever future generations start looking hopefully to the east. Ernie Seitz is sure even Spike Jones can't kill it for good. +

Les Paul and Mary Ford started Sunrise skyward again.

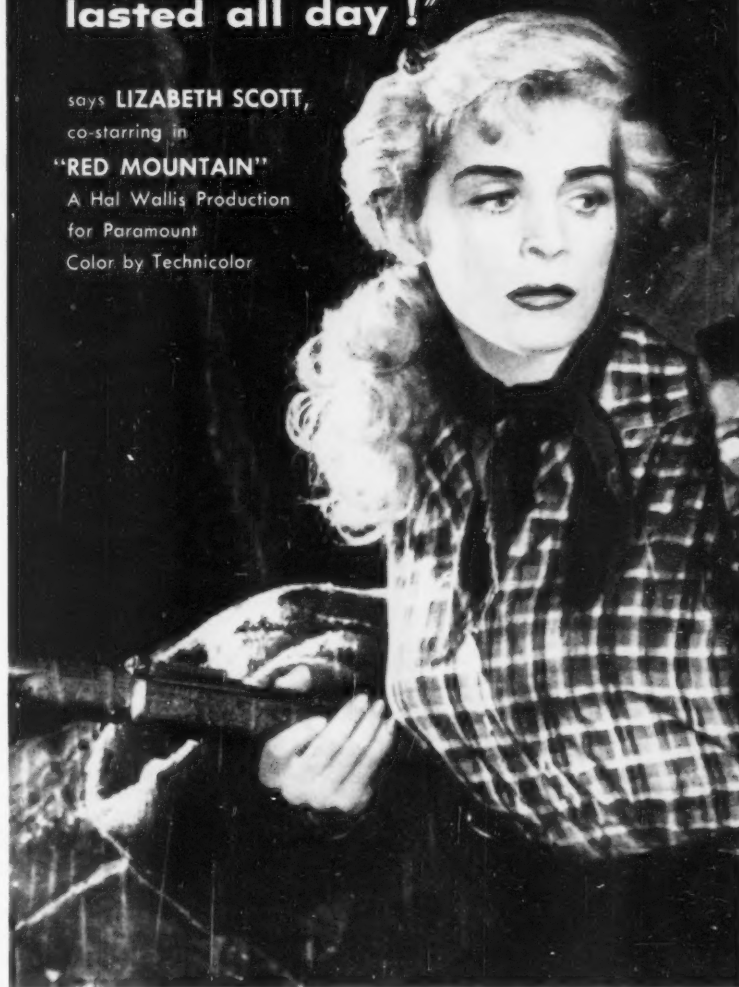


## "This 30-second cloudburst lasted all day!"

says LIZABETH SCOTT,  
co-starring in

"RED MOUNTAIN"

A Hal Wallis Production  
for Paramount  
Color by Technicolor



"You know how icy rain chaps your skin. I stood under wind and rain machines all day, retaking this scene for 'RED MOUNTAIN'. My hands and face felt raw..."



Later, I fired blanks 'til my hands were fiery red...



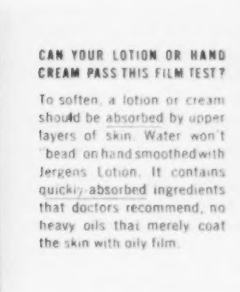
But Jergens Lotion soothed my hands and face...



So they were lovely for romantic close-ups.



Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.



Prove it with this simple test described above...



See why stars choose Jergens Lotion 7-to-1.

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world

15c, 37c, 55c, \$1.35. Made in Canada



*Gift-boxed Parker "51" Pen and Pencil Set, regular, or slimmer, shorter demi-size, preferred by ladies, \$28.50. With Lustralexy caps, \$23.00*

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**One gift no one ever forgets—New Parker "51", world's most wanted pen.**

A special joy attends the giving of this handsome pen. For it always finds a lasting welcome.

Each New Parker "51" is fashioned with unhurried skill. Craftsmanship is precise in the Parker tradition that is nearly 65 years old. The design, which cannot be duplicated by other makers, is full decades ahead.

Here you find the only pen with the Aero-metric Ink System. This advance brings a glide and ease and sureness unknown before. Even filling has a touch of magic to it!

For New Parker "51", your friends will gladly put aside all other pens. Gift-boxed New "51" Pens, regular or demi-size from \$15.75. Pen and Pencil Sets from \$23.00. Parker Pen Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

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**New Parker "51" Signet—\$36.00.** Chased lines etched across gold-filled cap and barrel highlighted by signet area for owner's name. With matching pencil—\$55.00.

**New Parker "21"—\$5.95.** Canada's preferred pen at this price. Fine-pen features. Lustralexy caps. Gift-boxed. With matching pencil—\$10.25.

**New Parker desk sets with Magnetix sockets—\$11.50—\$235.00.**

**New Parker Duo-fold pen—\$3.95.** With matching pencil—\$5.95.

## *new Parker "51"*

**PEN NAME FOR THE PERFECT GIFT**





*his Christmas...*

*Give Yourself*

**BY ALBERT E. CLIFFE**

*Famous Montreal lay preacher and best-selling author  
of *Lessons in Living*, and *Let Go and Let God**

The Christmas season we will soon be celebrating exists because of a Man who two thousand years ago came to teach us a way of life. All through His life He taught the value of sharing friendship with every human being of every race and creed. He taught us how to give of ourselves to others: to give our love, our wisdom, our friendship.

A friend is always something you *give* yourself, for you have to earn that friendship by your acts, by your very words; and the thing this world so badly needs today is friendship for men of all races, of all creeds—not just at Christmastime, but every day of every year. The secret of getting along with people is contained in the simple story of one Man who gave Himself to humanity.

Emerson said, "Rings and jewels are not gifts. The only gift is a portion of thyself."

This means the giving of the warm impulses of the heart. They are the real gifts, for they have to be given from within you. Remember, it is never the dime you give a poor beggar that counts, but the warmth which it carries from your heart.

Many barriers today stand between us and an understanding of the real spirit of Christmas.

There never was a time when people made as much money as they do today on this continent. There never was a time when goods cost so much and when people complained so about prices—and yet no doubt this very Christmas more and finer gifts will be exchanged than ever before in the history of the world. It is questionable, however, whether there will be any greater exchange of happiness. And many unfortunate people, seeing this excessive spending, will wonder if this is the real meaning of Christmas, and why others should know such

*Continued on page 44*



**WHAT CAN CHRISTMAS MEAN**

**WHEN PEACE IS MOCKED BY WAR,**

**PROSPERITY BY POVERTY, GOOD WILL BY**

**BITTERNESS TO MEN? SAYS ALBERT**

**CLIFFE: THE ANSWER LIES WITHIN YOU**

A  
STORY  
BY  
SCOTT YOUNG

**THE BOY  
WHO THREW A SNOWBALL  
AT SANTA**

*You couldn't blame Tommy for being mad when he looked at the red-faced man with the white whiskers and knew — sure as shooting — it was Mr. Grubb*

In many respects Tommy Morgan was no bargain as a small boy, although it may be that there is no such thing as a bargain in a small boy. He was six and a half. He lost a lot of mitts, complained when his mother turned off his radio at night, left any job he was given as soon as he could sneak away, ate all his mother's chocolates, was very fond of his three-year-old sister Pearl, messed up his room, wrote on the walls with crayon, lit matches in the garage when he could find matches, lied if he thought he could get away with it, and argued even with his father when his mother was around, because he knew that his mother would interfere on his behalf if his father got too tough.

Tommy came from a particularly average family. His father, Mike Morgan, managed a small salesbook factory and made a good salary. Mike spent several dollars a week on stuff he called booze, which he talked big about but fed mainly to his friends. He talked to his family always as if he were addressing an assembly of galley slaves, but he was really very kind, good-tempered, and reasonable, which is attested by the record that he had not once beaten his wife although she consistently and openly defended their children in arguments regarding their punishment for various small crimes.

Tommy's mother was dark and strikingly good-looking and she understood her husband perfectly. She had, in addition to her good looks and her militant mother complex, a touch of bad temper. Once she threw a tin

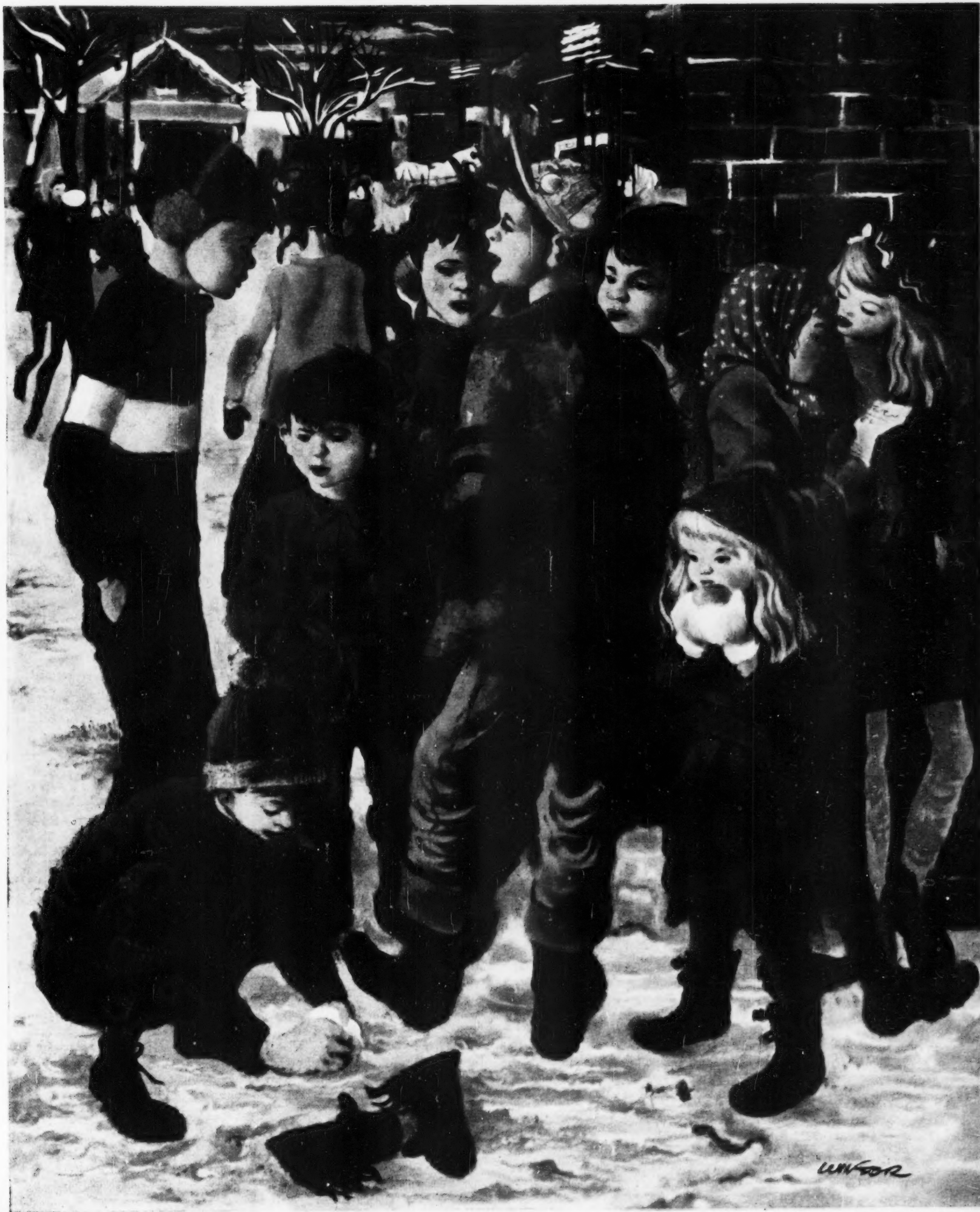
of pipe tobacco at Tommy's father because Tommy's father said that the guy at the party last night who was turning the pages for her at the piano seemed to have fallen for her, and no wonder, the way she flapped her eyelashes at him. She said he was a suspicious old fool and threw the tobacco tin. His mother's name was Estelle.

Around Christmastime there was a lot of heavy-handed parental talk about Santa Claus. Tommy was excited enough about Christmas anyway that he didn't notice how heavy-handed the talk was. When, while mixing cocktails in the kitchen at the same time that Santa Claus was on the radio one night, his father imitated Santa Claus' ho-ho-ho-ho laugh until his mother told him for heaven's sake to shut up, Tommy took no undue offense. He also was no more than mildly curious because his mother looked harassed every time she mentioned taking Tommy-and-Pearl-down-to-see-Santa-Claus. Tommy asked her why she looked that way and she told him it was because there were so many people in the department store. Tommy laughed as hard as anybody after Pearl, who listened to all this talk about Santa Claus with ill-concealed bafflement, finally, when asked for her plans for Christmas Day, said that she would get up and "get my dollies out of the Sanity Closet. Wherever that is."

One night at dinner Tommy said that Santa Claus was going to be at the school tomorrow, December twenty-third, the last day of school. *Continued on page 23*

*Collaboration between two Canadians, Scott Young and William Winter, bring you this special Christmas feature. Winter's delightful paintings of children hang in many art galleries across Canada.*







#### FATHER

*"No daughter of mine's going to be pawed over in the back of a parked car on some country road."*



#### MOTHER

*"Every Saturday night our boy asks for the family car and vanishes. Should we forbid him the car?"*

By DOROTHY SANGSTER

## HOW MUCH FREEDOM

Never before have parents been faced so forcefully with the problem of how much freedom their teen-age children should have.

A bewildered mother says, "My fifteen-year-old daughter says I'm ruining her social life by insisting she be in at midnight. She says none of the boys want to leave a party to take her home just when the fun's beginning. But how late should a schoolgirl stay up, anyway?"

Another complains, "Every Saturday night our boy takes the family car and vanishes. When we ask him where he's going, he says, 'Oh, just around.' We find out later he's taken a gang of his friends to a dance sixty miles away. What should we do? Forbid him the car?"

A father growls, "If I catch the young man that kept my seventeen-year-old daughter out until 2 a.m. the other night, I'll thrash him! My girl says they were 'just talking' in an all-night restaurant, but I know better. No daughter of mine's going to be pawed over in the back of a parked car on some country road."

It's no wonder the complaints are coming thick and fast, for never before have two generations had so little in common as today's parents and their adolescent youngsters. It may be only forty or fifty years, chronologically, since Dad

and Mother were born, but the leisurely and restrictive culture of those days is centuries apart from the fast and complex world their sons and daughters live in, with its speedy automobiles, television, night clubs, easy liquor, casual sex relations, and unsupervised leisure time to enjoy them all.

A revolution has occurred in the past few decades, and Dad and Mother, who not so many years back were smarting under the tags of "flaming youth" and "the lost generation," now find themselves dismissed by their children as "old fogies who don't know what it's all about."

Based on interviews with dozens of boys and girls of high-school age, their parents, teachers and home-and-school club members, and bolstered by the best of psychological literature on the subject, this article will attempt to evaluate some of the demands of today's urban Canadian youth between the ages of thirteen to seventeen.

All the teen-age demands that chafe parents so much—late hours, unchaperoned house parties, plentiful pocket money, and freedom to neck or not to neck, pet (going farther than necking but not "all the way") or not to pet—would all seem to be part of the same big problem

that besets all teen-agers, namely the business of growing up.

And if those demands are to be controlled, or at least directed, only one thing can do the job: a good parent-child relationship that starts at birth and not at sixteen, when it's too late.

The mother of a pretty seventeen-year-old girl put it this way: "If parents haven't done a good job of bringing up their children, they might as well relax; and if they have done a good job, they can relax too. Because either way there's not much they can do to alter the situation once the children are in their teens."

The mother of two teen-age boys said, "The parent who really loves youngsters can create a home culture that is more important than any other culture—or at least strong enough to swing them back after a venture away."

All the mothers I interviewed agreed that they wanted their young people to feel perfectly free to talk to them about their problems, but the teen-agers told a different story. Few of them felt free to talk to their mothers and dads about things that were perplexing them—especially when the matter pertained to sex.

Several admitted that three oft-repeated parental admonitions—"See that you don't . . ." and





SON

*"Mother's so scared I'm going to get some girl into trouble I don't even go to school dances any more."*



DAUGHTER

*"It just spoils our whole evening to be followed around like children when we go any place."*

## SHOULD A TEEN-AGER HAVE?

"If I ever catch you . . ." and "Promise me you'll never . . ."—were all they ever heard on the subject of sex from their parents.

"My mother's so scared I'm going to get some girl into trouble and have to marry her that I don't even go to school dances any more," a sixteen-year-old boy said in disgust. "I'm just waiting until I'm through school and can take a job and move out."

"My people say a nice girl doesn't even kiss a boy goodnight unless she's engaged to him," a pretty little miss said with a giggle. "Imagine how they'd feel if they knew I sat in a parked car with my boy friend for an hour before coming in at night. They'd probably kill me!"

Another fifteen-year-old complained, "Well, my boy friend and I don't park in cars and we don't neck—just a kiss when we say goodnight or something like that. But if I don't tell my father exactly where we're going to be every minute of the evening (and how can you tell before you start?) he won't let me go out—and even then he phones to make sure I've told him the truth. It just spoils our whole evening to be followed around like children when we go any place!"

Parents admit they're mighty worried about

all the freedom that exists today for teen-agers, especially as it pertains to sex. They start worrying when their children are not in at 12 after a movie that ended at 11:30, and by 1 a.m. they're fit to be tied. By 1:30 or 2, when the wayward ones straggle in explaining how they dropped in to a restaurant for a sandwich, and got talking, and then had to drive their dates home—or worse still, take them home by street-car—their parents frankly don't believe a word of it. And the battle commences, with one side suspicious, the other side resentful, and the gulf between them widening every minute.

Actually, as far as sex itself goes, it seems to be one kind of thing to adults and another to teen-agers. Grownups, in the light of their own sexual experience and gratification, are apt to regard almost any sign of boy and girl affection as one short step away from complete sexual union. On the other hand, most teen-agers (probably because of their own inexperience) think their parents are unbelievably evil-minded on the subject. One girl told me, "My father came out the other night and caught me kissing my boy friend goodnight at the door. You'd think I'd been raped from the way he carried on. I was so embarrassed!"

When I interviewed the young editor of a teen-age newspaper with a wide Ontario and Quebec coverage, I found she made a strong distinction between dating and necking or petting, asserting that the vast majority of high-school-age young people are primarily interested in the former. As an illustration, she pointed to the "Cupid's Corner" of her paper, a lovelorn column for teen-agers, which receives hundreds of plaintive letters asking such typical questions as: "How can I get my boy friend back from another girl who's trying to get him?" . . . "Should I kiss a boy goodnight on my first date? I didn't, and now he's taking somebody else out."

In the opinion of this young editor, today's teen-agers are going through a tremendous trial-and-error period and are not nearly sure enough of themselves to risk the kind of sex experiments which their parents are worrying about. She feels that although they may talk big and try to act sophisticated, few of them go beyond a few experimental kisses or the odd tentative pass on their dates.

For that matter, popular high-school kids are far too busy with other things to spend much time thinking about

*Continued on page 61*





# Timothy's Christmas Rose



*Could his gift work a miracle  
in the heart of this  
strange woman who lived  
without faith or love?*

BY VIOLET KING

ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR CAHEN

Timothy Fenn searched the box for five minutes before he was satisfied there was no rust, no black spot, and no insects. He ran slender brown fingers around the box to make sure no field mouse had nibbled at the rough-hewn boards so freshly cut they were still forest-fragrant.

Simon, his black and white mongrel collie, gave a gruff bark as if chiding him for not noticing the person standing ten feet away on the other side of the rail fence. Timothy looked up slowly and his lean face stiffened imperceptibly, his deep-set dark eyes growing wary.

She was a woman of about his own height and age, thin like himself and stiffly upright. She wore a scarlet hood and mitts and a voluminous black coat that billowed out in the brisk late November wind. And her eyes, like his, were cool and guarded. He had seen her once before but not her face. He had glanced sideways when passing the Chanceport Station to see three trunks, two suitcases, the black coat and scarlet mitts. It gave him a little jar to see his own blankly disinterested expression on another face. Her skin was unusually white, whereas his was the deep tan acquired by those who like to be outdoors in all weathers. There were definite streaks of white in her dark hair just as there was a patch of grey over his ears that no one would notice if his hair had been lighter.

"Do I turn right or left here to reach Chanceport, please?"

"Left," Timothy answered curtly, letting his gaze wander from the small white face to the county road. He had been up at three a.m. to clear snow from the road with the county's decrepit old plow that snuffled along like a giant pig in a trough.

"Thank you."

She turned and walked rapidly away. Timothy closed the lid of the box and stood looking down through the single pane of glass, his straight brows puckering in curiosity. Simon whined to be off so he began heaping snow over the box and when it was covered he strode off. Simon's red tongue lolled in happy excitement. It was early afternoon and they had had nothing to eat since seven but, driven by his curiosity, Timothy decided to go down to Chanceport to see if the book he had ordered was there. The pale winter sunlight shone on the first heavy fall of snow, crusting the rises with diamonds and drawing shadows of blue and purple into the hollows. Dead stocks of weeds quaked pathetically above the snow and the last leaves drifted down like tired sighs.

They had walked a mile before catching sight of the bright hood and black coat. Timothy slowed to an amble he used when the thermometer said eighty or over and Simon came to heel when he snapped his fingers. Before they reached the village in the hollow that was like a cluster of crumbs in the palm of a plump hand, the woman turned off the road to a small frame house set deep in

*Continued on page 63*

BY MARIE HOLMES  
*Director Chatelaine Institute*

# HOLIDAY HOSPITALITY

*Let it focus on a punch bowl filled with good cheer  
and surrounded with inviting help-yourself foods*

## PUNCH MENU I

### *Sparkling Tea Punch\**

*Dutch Lunch Tray      Dunking Tray  
The "Sweet" Tray*

\*Serve punch in crystal-clear or ornamented ice bowl or in large jugs. The foods are arrayed on trays, one with ready-to-pick-up tidbits, another with assorted bite-size foods that can be dunked in a spicy sauce. Cakes and cookies have their own large plate.

## PUNCH MENU II

*Frosted Fruit Punch      Dip-Ins\*  
Christmas Cookies      Shortbread  
Mince Tarts      Nuts      Mints*

\*The dip-ins are ideal for the "drop in" holiday guests. Have ready a number of bowls of your favorite dip mixes (one made with cheese, another with tuna fish or chicken, etc.). Surround with plates or baskets of crackers, potato chips, pretzels and Melba toast.

## PUNCH MENU III

*Hot Mulled Cider\* Sugared Doughnuts  
Apples      Crackers and Cheese  
Christmas Fruit Cake*

\*You will find the recipe for this on page 59. Keep the punch piping hot, refilling the big jug as more guests arrive, or if you prefer, a candle warmer or an electric plate on "low," set on the buffet table will keep the cider just right through the afternoon or evening. Little doughnuts are convenient for out-of-hand eating.

It's comfortable and convenient for both hostess and guests. That's why we suggest the cold or hot punch for entertaining this holiday season.

With the inviting good cheer of the beverage you can serve foods as inexpensive or as elaborate as you wish. But do choose ones with a festive look. This can be easily done with the generous use of red and green garnishes.

There's so much to do all through the holiday week and so many demands that put extra strain on your budget, why not try this simplified form of entertaining? The foods are the kind that are easily assembled well in advance, eliminating fussy last-minute preparation. Yet they'll satisfy the most fastidious of guests. And if you decide to use a crystal-clear ice bowl for your cold punch, you'll win compliments aplenty for the allure of your table.

Take whichever combination you wish, but we'll wager you can count on success if you bestow holiday hospitality around a punch bowl.

**A DECORATIVE ICE PUNCH BOWL** like the one in our photograph may be obtained from your local ice dealer by ordering several days in advance. Plain, undecorated ones can be ordered the day before your party. The ice company will provide a drain-equipped tray.

**HOW LONG WILL THE ICE BOWL LAST?** At average room temperature it will keep for 5 to 6 hours. During the winter season the bowl can be kept over for a second day if it is covered and put outdoors, provided temperature is below freezing.

**A WORD OF WARNING:** pour some of the basic plain punch into the ice bowl first before adding any alcoholic beverage. The undiluted alcoholic beverage may melt the centre of the bowl too quickly.

*As festive as Christmas itself is this sparkling tea punch in a specially decorated ice bowl. The Dutch lunch tray holds salad-stuffed finger rolls, bologna stars and Swiss cheese balls. Ready to "dunk" in spicy tomato sauce are crisp vegetables, icier chunks, gherkins and potato chips. For the sweet tooth, tempting Christmas goodies are served on a red tray.*

Recipes and descriptions of punches and accompaniments on page 59





# I CAN SEE AGAIN

*What is it like to see again after 16 years in darkness, after 24 operations and countless nights of fainting with pain? The courageous story of a Vancouver girl whose world is coming back into focus "like a flower slowly unfolding"*

I can see again. Like a flower slowly unfolding, the world is coming back into focus. But I wouldn't have missed my sixteen years in darkness. I mean that literally. I was eighteen when the fog settled over my eyes, a bounding, vibrant, outdoor-loving eighteen, and my family and friends in Vancouver mourned that I should spend "the best years of my life" in pain and in shadow.

When I first felt my badminton racket useless in my hand, my knife and fork scraping aimlessly on my plate, I might have agreed with them. But the years that took so much have given so much more.

Those years took my sight. They took every last ounce of my strength to fight their disappointment and their pain—so intense sometimes that it made me faint. They meant weary months in hospital for operation after operation—24 in all. Twice, as sight appeared within reach again, they raised me to dizzy heights of hope, only to leave me worse off than before. They broke off my education in high school, leaving me without a profession. They brought my general health to a dangerous low, and worked a great hardship on my family both emotionally and financially.

But those years have left me greatly enriched. Unable for long periods to do much more than think, I came to know myself as few people do in these pressure-filled days. I had time to search my own heart, to sort out my values, to learn to pray, to seek God's help over the rough spots.

And I came to know my family as I never would have done if I had gone the gay and busy ways of normal youth. Dad—Ed Phillips as his friends call him—has been a sawmill worker all his life. Even at the best of times, when he had his own mills, there wasn't any too much money to feed and clothe four children. And when he had to go back to logging there was even less.

But neither he nor mother ever lost heart. Not when he lost his business and had to go back to the woods. Not when he lost his foot in one of a series

By MURIEL PHILLIPS  
as told to Naomi Lang

of accidents which kept him in hospital almost as much as me.

My long illness often burst the slender family budget at the seams, but no one ever mentioned it. No one seemed to worry. "The Lord," my mother would say quietly, "will provide." And that would be when we were down to a dollar in the house.

Through all the years, I never remember a reproachful or bitter word from either of my parents, and I never remember putting out a hand for help that mother wasn't there. Whether I was just regaining consciousness after an operation, or feeling lonely in my bedroom at home, she would suddenly appear, with a caress or a word of hope.

Gently she guided me toward God, and finally, through the hours when I was crazed with suffering, unable to sleep or eat, I somehow managed to grope the rest of the way myself.

In my moments of wakefulness from the nightmare of my first seven weeks in hospital, I remember thinking, "This is the time to put my faith to the test, to accept God's will."

I found that I could. I knew then, and I have known every moment since, that although it was hard for me to understand, it would all work out for the best.

It has. I have been a hundred times blessed—in love, in friendship, in the things I've come to learn.

My sight is clearing now, slowly, almost imperceptibly. I think I couldn't stand it if it were otherwise. To receive one's complete sight all at once would be too much. You simply couldn't take it in.

They think that in two years I'll have perfect vision again in the one eye I have left. But if it is God's will that I never recover my full sight, I am content.

There is wonder enough for me in the sight of a rose. Unless you've been denied the pleasure, I suppose it's hard to realize the miracle of mountains, etched dimly on the morning sky, of fairy lights, of the faces of those you love. I'll never forget the day I got my glasses. I

*Continued on page 64*

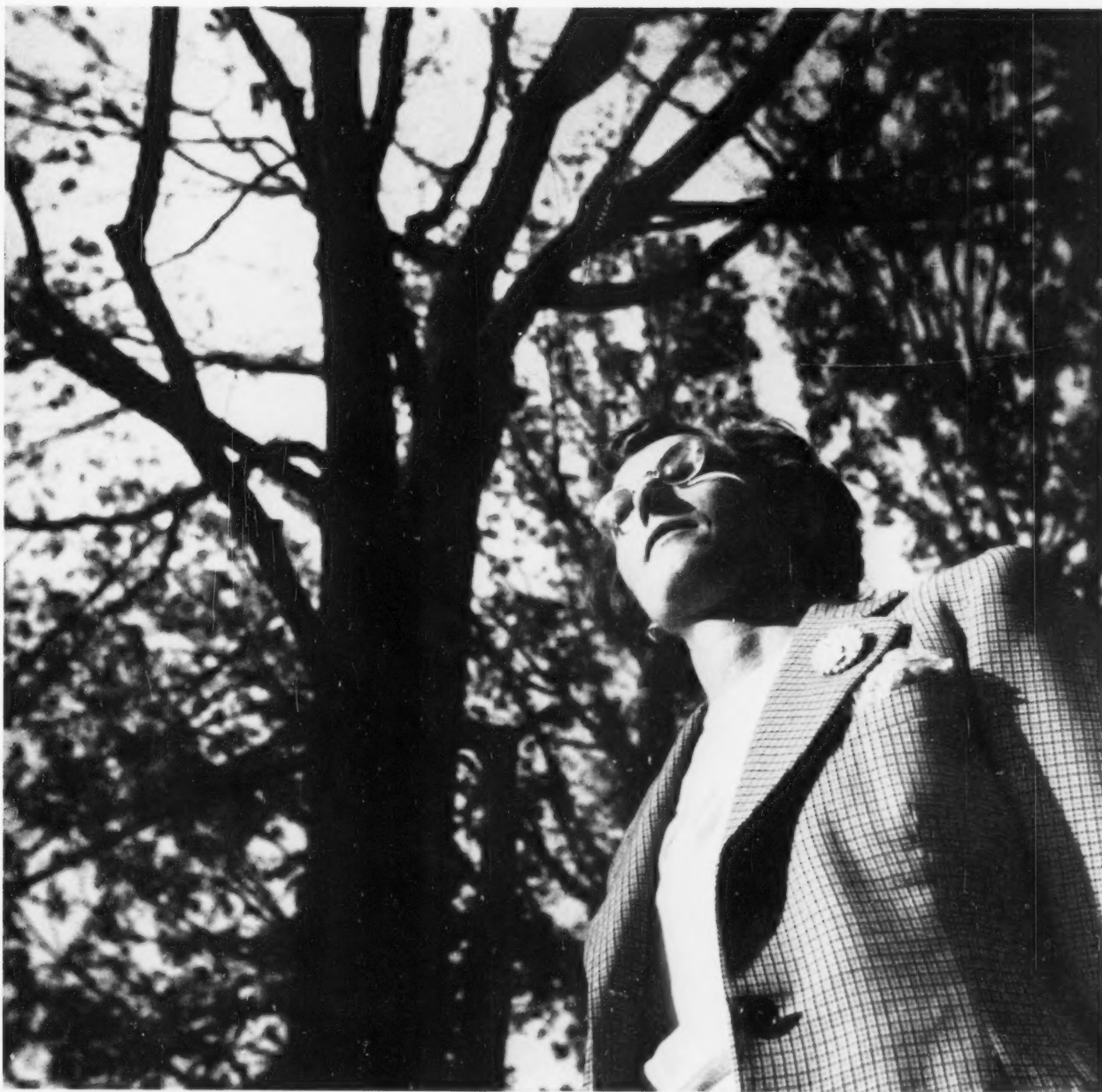


*Muriel with Dad and brother Chris—now 36, but she'd always pictured him as 20.*



*Aunt Muriel now knows Kenneth, Bobby and Dorothy by sight as well as by voice.*





*The sight of a rose, of dimly etched mountains, of a rainbow forming in the mist—are all miracles to Muriel Phillips.*



*"The day I got my glasses, mother's hands overcame me . . . so wrinkled, so work-worn."*

*"Mother guided me toward God through hours of suffering."  
Muriel and Mrs. Phillips enter their church for Thanksgiving.*

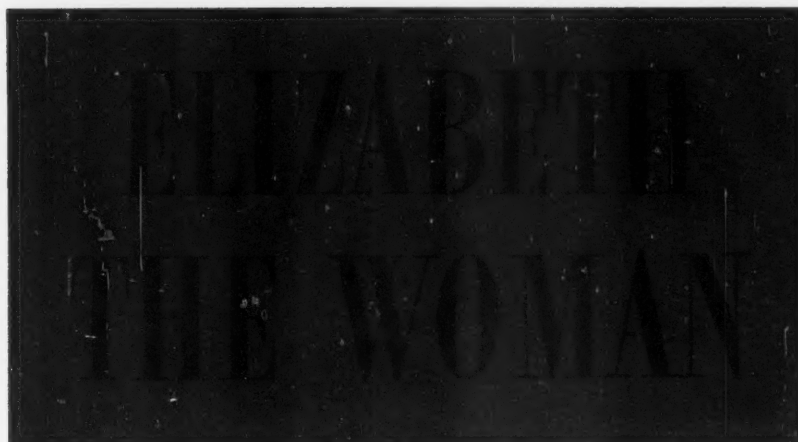






*In one of the happiest and most memorable pictures of the entire royal tour, photographer Frank Royal of the National Film Board caught Princess Elizabeth square dancing at Government House in Ottawa. Events like this mean all the more to the Princess, says "Crawfie" this month, because of her healthy curiosity about the way other people live.*

## PART III



"AS A CHILD THE PRINCESS TALKED SO MUCH TO HER FATHER. SHE WANTED TO HEAR WHAT WENT ON, TO ASK QUESTIONS — AS IF EVEN THEN SHE WAS PREPARING FOR HER GREAT DESTINY"

**BY MARION CRAWFORD ("Crawfie")**

*for 17 years governess to Princess Elizabeth*

### CHAPTER 21

Thinking back on the years I spent at Buckingham Palace as governess and tutor, I often recall a make-believe game that the princesses, especially Princess Margaret, were fond of playing when they were children. We called it "If."

Princess Margaret would prance about the playroom chanting, "If I weren't a princess, Crawfie, I should like to be . . ."

And she would search her lively imagination for a dozen fantastic professions, some of which she had read about and others she invented on the spot.

Princess Elizabeth sometimes came into the game, but she always took it very seriously, and tried to connect it with the real life outside, of which she could catch only glimpses. She was absorbed by healthy curiosity about the way other people lived, and tried to put herself in their places. Instead of playing a game, she exercised this faculty while we drove in the streets or in the country.

Among the little throng always to be seen waiting outside the palace were several familiar faces. Many elderly women were among them.

"We know them, don't we, Crawfie?" Princess Elizabeth would say. "But still, I wonder who they are?"

There was one old lady, dressed up in black, with a lean sad face, who was always waiting at Hyde Park Corner at 4 o'clock on Friday afternoons as we drove down from the palace to the Royal Lodge, Windsor.

We always took the same route—up Constitution Hill, and round the traffic island into the Park. The princesses became very interested in her, speculating on whether she would be there or not.

She always was.

Princess Elizabeth would be very worried about her if we were ever delayed on our journey, or—as rarely happened—there was a change in our week-end routine.

"I hope she will not wait too long," the princess would say. "She doesn't look very strong."

As I think over Princess Elizabeth's personality, trying to settle on those points which seem to me on reflection most characteristic, I find one word rising continually in my mind: thoughtfulness.

Let us suppose, as in the nursery game, that she was no longer heiress presumptive, but was, if you like, plain Miss Elizabeth Windsor. What then? How would she differ?

The only difference I think which would be obvious in her would be a slightly less serious outlook on life.

Princess Elizabeth would never be the gay, carefree character we see pictured so charmingly in Princess Margaret. The two princesses, of the same birth and upbringing, differ in many ways. Their complexions are different, for example.

Princess Margaret has an excellent skin, but not of the same alabaster quality as Princess Elizabeth's. The complexions of both Princesses were an agreeable surprise to Margaret Truman, the President's daughter, on her recent visit to Britain.

"One wouldn't know from photographs alone," she said, "how pretty the princesses really are. Princess Elizabeth's skin is a dream."

Though Princess Elizabeth has little of her sister's light-hearted way, she is not solemn. You can see that she always thinks deeply about things, takes others' suffering to heart, and is careful never to say anything that might hurt. That is so much her that no

*Continued on page 35*





*Lillian Foster has been reporting for the Toronto Telegram for 35 years, but she exhausts younger writers during her twice-yearly assaults on New York fashion salons, covering 62 shows in 12 days.*



*Lillian is liable to turn up in "just anything," but she queened it when she gave a tea to mark her 35 years on the Tely. Publicist Joy McGillawee, hotel hostess Cay Moore and fashion show co-ordinator Posy Boxer, pay court.*

By JUNE CALLWOOD

*Photos by Paul Rockett*



*Seven hundred friends topped the tea party by giving Lillian a surprise dinner, a watch, a brooch and \$1,800.*



*Millionaire George McCullagh, who doubled her pay when he bought the Tely, grabbed her in a bear hug at Hurray for Lillian dinner.*



*"They gave me a banquet like they never gave anybody else," Lillian decided later, "because they know I like to eat so well."*





The atmosphere of a fashion show is calculated and elegant. The lean, lovely models sway down the runways in thousands of dollars worth of tulle, the exotic and vivacious

commentator murmurs softly against the whispering of violins, the expensive-looking wives of wealthy men vie to be better dressed than the models, and the women who write fashion for newspapers and magazines are chic and well-groomed.

Never fazed for a moment by either the surroundings or the company in which she constantly works, the best fashion writer in Canada is a fat, fuming, fussy 58-year-old woman named Lillian Foster who is quite capable of pushing her hat back off her face and hauling a sandwich out of her purse, to tide her through the cocktail dresses and into the formals. At such functions Miss Foster, who has written fashion for the Toronto Telegram for 21 years, usually knows more about the subject than anybody in the room. What's more, she has likely coached the commentator on what to say, told the model how to demonstrate the fullness of a particular skirt and charged the designer to his face with stealing his featured suit from a Paris couturier.

As a fashion writer Lillian is as expert as the sports-writer who reels off the batting average of the cleanup hitter in the 1932 World Series. As a fashion plate, Lillian usually displays all the distinguishing characteristics of a charwoman. Her grey hair customarily looks as though she had been standing in the slipstream of a jet plane, her bulk is enveloped in clothes which sometimes appear to have been dampened but not ironed, and her voice is high-pitched and complaining.

All of this is camouflage for one of the most beloved if startling personalities in the newspaper business. Lillian Foster conceals a warm heart, deep sentimentality and penetrating sympathy beneath a crotchety exterior that reminds people of Monty Wooley's Man Who Came to Dinner, and fools no one. Much admired by men for her intelligence and quips—she draws a larger court at a cocktail party than the lady who came in the strapless—Lillian is never unkind, never catty, and never a liar.

These qualities win her friends by the thousands. Seven hundred of them recently paid \$6 a plate to give her a surprise testimonial dinner in the banquet hall of Toronto's Royal York Hotel to celebrate her 35 years on the Tely. The guests, most of them in formal dress and some of them all the way from Montreal for the evening, were drawn from newspaper circles, the clothing trade and high society. Lillian was presented with a lapel watch and a horseshoe brooch, after which a live jockey rode in on

*Continued on page 38*

# the fabulous Lillian Foster

*Canada's best fashion writer can tell a Dior from a Balenciaga at 40 feet and spot a trend 10 years off. She woos friends with kindness and outrage, and says she owes her success, like her size, to food*



All kinds of people paid \$6 to say "Hurrah for Lillian." Liberals ask Tory Foster to cover their meetings; a Jewish club made her a member.



"My job is to bring the news into the office," Lillian tells her boss, Helen Allen. "What kind of a mess you editors make of it is your business."



Paul Rockett

Two pretty Christmas Eves with Santa's approval. The mother is wearing a heavenly nightdress of sky blue nylon tricot. The low V neckline is outlined with lace. The becoming bustline is in permanent fluting, elasticized just enough to ensure perfect figure fit. Wide shoulder straps are of fluting and lace. The back is square cut. In white, dawn pink or black. By Harvey Woods, about \$15.

For spellbound small fry, a nightgown with matching negligee that is sentimental as can be. It is of celanese crepe, lavishly trimmed with embroidered batiste. And to thrill every little girl's heart, an exact copy of her own ensemble for a favorite bedtime doll. "Pride 'n Joy" by Bing, the negligee about \$6, the nightie \$5.50.

# C

## HRISTMAS

### HOMEBODIES

By EILEEN MORRIS  
BEAUTY AND FASHION

The loveliest of leisure fashions are ready for you to wear this Christmas morning . . . and on many morns and nights to come. At-home clothes have increasing importance in today's fashion scene, due to television and more staying at home.

Whether shopping for yourself or your gift list, here is what you'll find in leisure time fashions this year: pyjama ensembles with quilted robes . . . print dusters with small Mandarin collars, elbow-length sleeves and deep flap pockets . . . cotton duster-type robes in bold plaids or red check, with Peter Pan collars and big pockets, and short corduroy styles in bright colors. Quilts come in such a wide fabric range as cotton, taffeta, and satin. Marabou has a new, lease on life . . . huge marabou cuffs trim a sheer wool robe self-dyed marabou collar and cuffs give a quilted rayon robe a luxury look.

Continued on page 26





*With holiday bustle and mealtime hustle...*

## *take it easy...serve* **Good Hot Soup**

BY *Anne Marshall*



ANNE MARSHALL  
Director Home Economics  
Campbell Soup Company Ltd.

HERE again is that happiest season of the year—and for Mother, the busiest! With all she has to do, one thing can't be neglected—good, hearty meals.

Now there's where maybe I can help. Why not let soup take over? Soup's nourishing, of course, and you have so many substantial main-dish soups to choose from. Soup's specially appealing to appetites in winter; that's why December beats all months in soup eating. Soup's quick to serve, too—just four minutes from soup shelf to table—and it's so pleasantly easy on Christmas-strained budgets.

On this page are three delicious soups to plan meals around, and some menu suggestions. So—here's an easier and happier Merry Christmas-time to you!



### **TOMATO SOUP** Gets the Spotlight

No doubt, like millions, you rely on "the soup most folks like best". Your entire family—from Grandma down to Junior—just love this blend of luscious tomatoes and creamery butter. Your menu:

**Campbell's Tomato Soup**  
Frizzled Dried Beef with Cream Sauce on Toasted Rolls or Muffins  
Chocolate Layer Cake  
(Meal Fixing Time 15 minutes)



*A clever cook keeps  
a full soup shelf.*



### **CREAM OF ASPARAGUS SOUP** brings a welcome taste of Spring

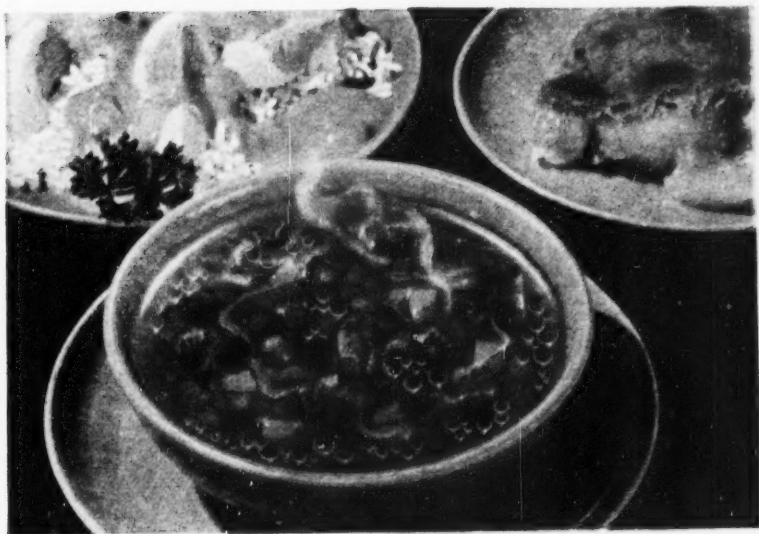
Here, in the crisp, cold days of winter, what's more tempting than to sit down to this smooth purée of springtime's favorite—tender garden asparagus!

**Campbell's Cream of Asparagus Soup**  
Chili Con Carne (Canned) Hot French Bread  
Lemon Pudding  
(Meal Fixing Time 15 minutes)

### **VEGETABLE BEEF SOUP** makes a marvelous main dish

Rich, deep-flavored beef stock, fine garden vegetables and tender pieces of beef all through it—truly a soup to set before your family and friends on any occasion.

**Campbell's Vegetable Beef Soup**  
Mushroom Soup Cream Sauce on Quartered Eggs and Rice  
Warm Apple Pie  
(Meal Fixing Time 20 minutes)



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*The glow of Christmas Day is reflected in this full-length classic robe, tailored in imported Ives tartan. In all the authentic clans. By Daymac Robes, about \$35. With her tartan robe our model wears nylon shoes, light as air and washable, Janet Smart Shoes, about \$4. Pretty as mistletoe is this three-piece pyjama and coat ensemble. The current Oriental influence is seen in the mandarin line of the quilted jersey jacket, the braid frog trim at the throat. The pyjamas, also of jersey, may be worn for sleeping or lounging. By Beatrice Pines, about \$17.*





# Melodie

by PARDI parfumeur

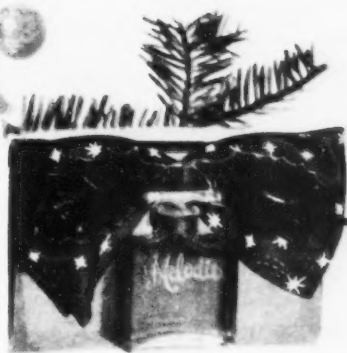
... for precious Christmas moments

*Gisèle* MACKENZIE

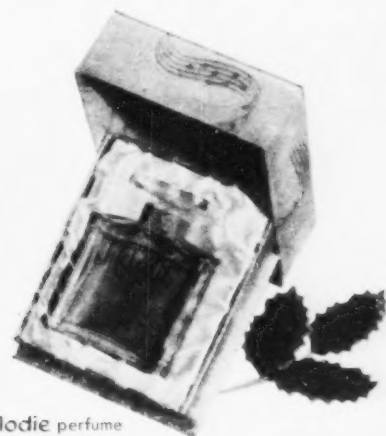
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Melodie for a Merry Christmas.



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## BOY WHO THREW

Continued from page 10

"Santa Claus, eh?" asked his father.  
"Ho-Ho-Ho-Ho!"

Tommy looked at his father sourly,  
but said nothing.

His mother, on the other hand, was  
extraordinarily sweet. "Well, that's  
fine," she said. "If he's coming to the  
school, you can tell him there what you  
want for Christmas and then we won't  
bother going downtown to see him."

"How about Pearl?" Tommy wanted  
to know. "How's she going to tell him  
what she wants?"

"Ho-Ho-Ho!" said his father. "Yes,  
mummy, how about Pearl?"

"Pearl can write him a letter," she  
said.

"Pearl can't write," Tommy's father  
said.

"If you say Ho-Ho-Ho again I'll  
brain you," Tommy's mother said. "I'll  
write it for her. Okay, Pearl?"

"Okay," said Pearl.

"Sure got out of that one," Tommy's  
father said.

"Sure did," said Tommy's mother.

Tommy didn't think much about this.  
He went upstairs a little later and got  
into bed. His mother called up. "Did  
you wash, Tommy?" He called back  
down, "Yes." This was not true. He  
heard his father say, "He didn't wash!"  
And he heard his mother say, "You go  
and wash him then," and then his  
father said, "Oh, never mind. He'll live  
without it."

Tommy jumped on his bed for a while,

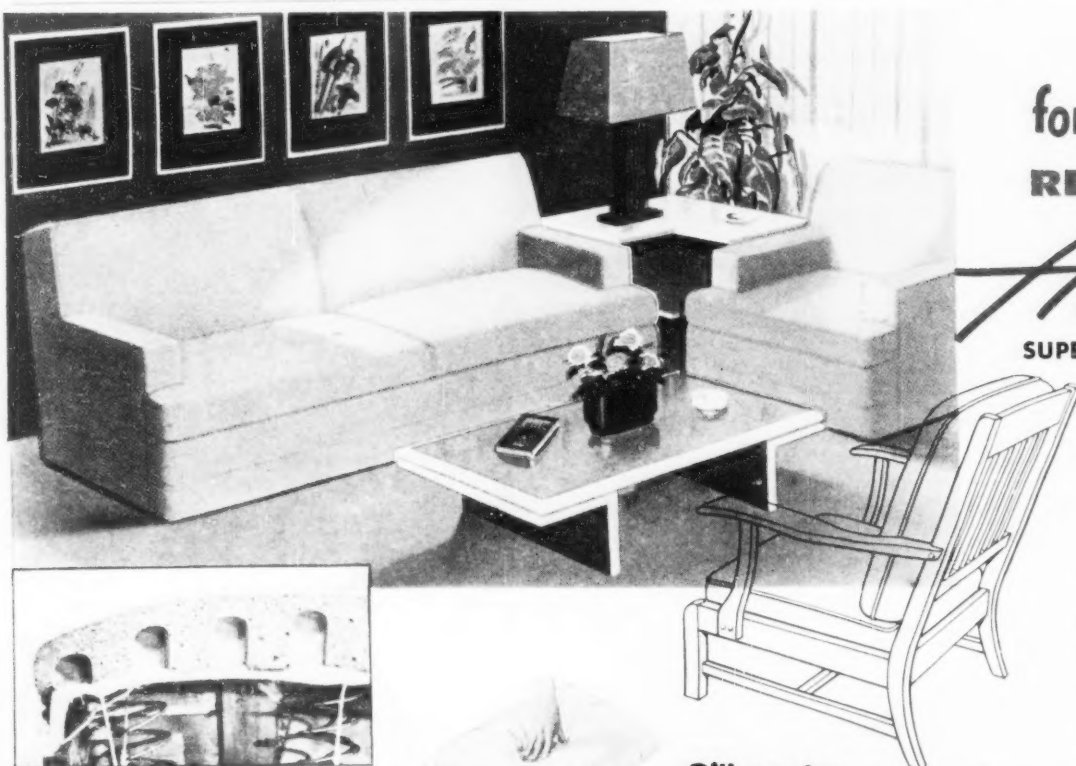
until they yelled for him to stop. Then  
he went to sleep.

At school the next morning  
the Grade Ones got their reports, right  
away. Tommy's teacher, a girl named  
Miss Dangerfield who was quite nice-  
looking, announced that only four of  
the fifteen boys in Grade One had rated  
better than D in conduct. Since Tommy  
didn't have the slightest idea what D  
in conduct meant, he didn't get pas-  
sionately excited one way or the other  
when he found out that he wasn't among  
the four who got better than D. Instead  
of school work, then, Miss Dangerfield  
read a story, which was very dull.  
Tommy scarcely heard any of it.

At 10 o'clock the buzzer rang for  
recess. Miss Dangerfield stemmed the  
stampede of Grade Ones. "Santa Claus  
will be here in *only 15 minutes!*" she  
said, smiling at them, slightly flushed  
herself. "Play nicely until then. And  
don't get all over snow because after  
Santa gives you candy outside *he's*  
*coming in to the auditorium* and you can  
all go up and tell him *what you want for*  
*Christmas!*" She paused. "All right,  
dismiss!"

The children got on their heavy coats  
and ran outside. The halls of the school  
were filled with excited kids. Outside  
they separated into groups. Tommy  
stayed with the Grade One group for  
a while, and took part in the big talk  
about what he was going to ask for from  
Santa Claus, but eventually he wandered  
over to a group of bigger kids.

One, Goofy Garfield, said, "I suppose  
you're waiting for Santa Claus, eh, kid?"  
"So are you," Tommy said shrewdly.



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"You know who Santa Claus is?" Garfield asked.

"Santa Claus is Santa Claus," Tommy said.

"Santa Claus is Mr. Grubb," Garfield said.

Mr. Grubb was the school janitor. "No wonder they call you Goofy Garfield," Tommy said.

Some of the other boys laughed. Goofy Garfield pushed Tommy Morgan into the snow and this made Tommy Morgan mad. He fought like a tiger, kicking and punching and he caught Goofy Garfield a couple of good ones here and there.

"All right," said Goofy angrily, sitting on top of Tommy. "He is Mr. Grubb!"

Tommy whined, "Let me up, you big bully."

Goofy let him up and Tommy stood and brushed himself off and noticed that all the teachers were standing on the school steps watching. They included the principal of the school, Miss Staynor. She was a skinny woman with a fur coat and rusty red hair tucked into a kerchief. She didn't cause anybody much trouble. The kids and their fathers and mothers, most of whom had been taught by her too, all called her Red.

She was at this instant being addressed by young Miss Dangerfield. "Those big boys seem to be teasing Tommy Morgan," she said. "I do wish he'd stay with the others..."

Miss Staynor scarcely heard. She nodded absently, watching the light snow fall through the black bare maples to the ground, thinking: Christmas again, and I'm 55 years old. It would have shocked all those present to know that Miss Staynor was thinking then of a frosty Christmas Eve on a front porch hung with holly when a man kissed the palm of her hand.

"I think they must be teasing him about Santa Claus," Miss Dangerfield went on uneasily. "I heard something that Garfield boy said..."

Miss Staynor looked but by that time Tommy was up and had finished brushing himself off.

"Everything seems to be all right now," she said to Miss Dangerfield. "They're just talking."

Out in the schoolyard Tommy was saying, "How could Mr. Grubb be Santa Claus and be janitor of the school at the same time? He couldn't."

"He can be Santa Claus," Goofy Garfield said, "because he just went about an hour ago and got a Santa Claus suit and a truck and in a little while they'll drive up here and he'll pretend he's Santa Claus and when he's finished he'll take the suit back where he got it and then he'll be Mr. Grubb again. Like every year."

"You're nuts," Tommy said in disgust.

He went back to his own kind but what Goofy Garfield had said bothered him. In a few minutes he went back. "Hey, Goofy," he said scornfully, "how can Mr. Grubb be downtown in the department store being Santa Claus every day and be janitor at the same time?"

Another boy, who hadn't heard the earlier ruckus, spoke up, "You been telling this kid that Mr. Grubb is Santa Claus?"

"Yes, he has," Tommy said.

The other boy knocked Goofy down and stuffed snow on his face. Goofy

got up very mad and from the ground yelled to Tommy, "There are dozens of them, just fat guys who pretend to be Santa Claus."

"But then where is the real Santa Claus?" Tommy asked still another boy, a friend of Goofy's, while Goofy and the other boy rolled in the snow.

"There isn't any Santa Claus, you sap," the boy said. "It's just something they feed you kids."

"Baloney!" Tommy said. "You're goofy too."

Then they heard a horn blowing steadily down the street a way. Quite a few people with shopping bags and parcels had stopped on the sidewalk to watch the fun. Little girls shrieked and little boys yelled, and the bigger kids smirked at each other. Some of the teachers smirked, too, standing in the doorway of the red brick two-story school with paper cutouts pasted in the windows. The truck bumped across the sidewalk and rolled to a stop in the schoolyard and all of a sudden the big laughing man in the back, with his Ho-ho-ho laugh, looked very phony to Tommy. He crowded a little closer, with all the rest of the kids, and looked up at the big red-faced man in the Santa Claus suit and he knew that as sure as shooting, that was Mr. Grubb.

He looked around once to see if Mr. Grubb, in his own clothes, was anywhere in sight. He wasn't. That was enough. He caught a bag of candy and peanuts Mr. Grubb tossed to him, but there was a queer kind of turmoil in his mind, sort of a choked-up dismay, and he tucked the bag into his pocket and picked up a snowball. Tommy had a pretty good wing, his dad said, for a kid. The snowball caught Mr. Grubb flush on his rented whiskers.

Tommy was sorry right away, mainly because he knew it was going to get him into trouble. He suddenly wasn't mad at anybody, Goofy Garfield or Mr. Grubb or his parents or the rest of the world for stringing him along, or anybody at all. He just wished he hadn't done it because it scared him to hear the sudden groan of horror from all the little boys and girls and the exclamations from the people who had been standing on the sidewalk with such fond and reflective faces watching the arrival of the Santa Claus they all knew was Mr. Grubb.

Mr. Grubb stopped Ho-ho-ho-ing.

Tommy saw Miss Dangerfield running for him across the snow. She ran like a girl, slipping a little in her high heels, but her face really scared Tommy more. She didn't look mad. She looked as if she was going to cry. She had some little brothers and sisters of her own.

"Tommy," she called out as she got close. "Oh... Tommy!"

She took his hand. He was confused by all this, and he tried to pull away, and she said, "I won't hurt you... Oh Tommy, what did those boys tell you?" She was pulling him toward the school, telling the other children to stay where they were. At the bottom of the steps she paused.

"It was those bigger boys, Miss Staynor," she said. "I saw them teasing Tommy and pointing to ah—Santa Claus and I think they—they told him..."

Tommy watched Miss Staynor, who had something the same kind of a look

# LIL ABNER by AL CAPP

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on her face as Miss Dangerfield had.

"Come inside, into my office, Tommy," she said, in an upset voice.

She took his hand from Miss Dangerfield, and called out, "Go on with everything! You, too, Santa Claus!" Then she opened the school door and the two of them went in.

"This is pretty serious, Tommy," she said, and her voice was shaking the way mother's did when she was what she called "hurt" from something Tommy's father had said.

All this emotion got to Tommy by this time and he felt his mouth trembling and he couldn't control it and the tears started to run down his face while he and Miss Staynor went upstairs to the principal's office.

It was the first time Tommy had been there. For some reason, it was much less fearsome than he had imagined. To hear the other kids talk about being sent to the principal's office, it was hung with straps and stuff. It was just little and filled with a desk and filing cabinets. Miss Staynor undid the knot on her kerchief and sat down behind the desk and Tommy saw with absolute amazement that when she finally raised her eyes she had tears in them and then his own tears just wouldn't stop.

"Why did you do it?" Miss Staynor asked, with her voice not properly under control.

"That was Mr. Grubb!" Tommy wailed. "Darn it, that was Mr. Grubb!"

"Poor child," Miss Staynor said brokenly. She sat silently, lost in thought of her own. "Everybody has to learn eventually," she said, a little later. "But on some of us it's harder than others." She looked at Tommy. "You mustn't be upset, Tommy. You have a lot, you know. And . . ." she stopped, as if searching for words, and in the silence they heard the thunder of children pouring into the auditorium for the grand finale to the Christmas party, and Miss Staynor got up and said she'd be right back, and went out. A minute later Tommy heard low voices outside the door. One was Miss Dangerfield, the other was some other young teacher and they were talking about Miss Staynor.

"Sure she was crying," Miss Dangerfield said.

"Christmastime is always the worst time, I guess." The other voice trailed off cryptically.

"It's even worse for her," Miss Dangerfield said. "My mother told me about it . . ." There was a lot of bzz, bzz, bzz, and then Tommy heard very little except there was a man, a husband mentioned, and a marriage one Christmas and "she" coming back two Christmases later asking for her old job back. They didn't say what happened to "him." Tommy got the impression that this had happened to Miss Staynor, although he wasn't sure. He also caught something about 29 years ago, which was when this all was supposed to have happened.

Then the voices stopped, and then Miss Staynor, who had returned, spoke. "You girls go down and help," she said. "I'll handle Tommy."

Miss Dangerfield said, "There were so many people on the street who saw it happen. It won't be long before it gets back to his parents."

"I think it would be best to make sure he doesn't see any of the other children, at least until after Christmas."

the other young teacher said. "I wonder if that could be arranged with his parents . . . Poor child, it might spoil his whole Christmas, and yet for a high-strung child to suddenly learn that Santa Claus is Mr. Grubb . . ."

Tommy, who had moved from his chair to listen at the door, heard a good deal of sniffing at this point.

"I must make him understand," Miss Staynor said.

"How are you going to do it?" asked Miss Dangerfield.

There was no reply. Tommy started to cry again and sat down, just as the door opened and Miss Staynor came in.

Miss Staynor stared at Tommy for quite a while then, fiddling with things on her desk and looking out of the window, and Tommy calmed in the silence and wondered about what he had heard the other teachers talking about. Did they mean that she'd had a husband, like Dad? It almost made him grin to think about it. He sat in an apprehensive daze, watching her.

The phone rang. When she picked it up he could hear his father's voice.

"Miss Staynor? What's this I hear about that little hellion of ours throwing a snowball at Santa Claus?"

"That's what happened," Miss Staynor said, her voice becoming composed and cool. "But I would appreciate if you would give me a little time . . ."

"Don't you think this is something I should handle?"

"I don't think you should be too hard about it. This is a case for understand-

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ing and explaining, to my mind . . ."

"Nuts!" came the voice on the phone, angrily. "I'm coming over to get him right now . . . Throwing a snowball at Santa Claus! Well, I'll be . . ."

Miss Staynor hung up the phone in the middle of that sentence.

"Come with me, Tommy," she said. "I want to talk to you."

They went downstairs, listening to the uproar in the auditorium. Tommy walked like a prisoner with his guard to Miss Staynor's little car and they

drove through the streets, past the decorated shops and the throngs of shoppers, to her apartment.

On the way upstairs Tommy asked timidly, "Miss Staynor, what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to try to explain to you about Santa Claus," she said. "Before that father of yours comes barging in."

For the next half hour Tommy listened attentively. He understood absolutely nothing of what was

being said. Miss Staynor took him through her apartment, which seemed to Tommy to be a nice little place although very clean and unmussed. Some words and phrases caught on his mind with brief ripples of understanding, like stones dropping into water, but the whole effect was that Miss Staynor was trying to help him and that was such a relief that it was almost enough. Finally she said, "Do you understand, now, why the symbol shouldn't be ridiculed, even if it is someone you know?"

"Yes," he said, understanding almost nothing.

"I'll tell Mr. Grubb you're sorry and I'll phone your father and tell him that you've been punished enough by missing the party. Is that all right?"

"Fine, thanks," said Tommy.

Tommy walked home. His father was waiting in the living room, dressed for business, in a suit and tie and with his hair combed.

"You're gonna get a spanking," said Pearl.

"Shut up or you'll get one too," said her father.

"I never threw no snow in the sanity closet!" she complained indignantly.

"Come here, you little assassin," Mike said to Tommy. "And don't give me that stuff like old Red, when she phoned, that you've suffered enough, you poor little thing, and you're sorry and you understand and all that guff."

"She thought you'd come barging over there and get me," Tommy said.

"I would have," Mike Morgan said. "I just barged home from the school first to make sure you hadn't beaten me here to hide behind your mother, and I was just pulling out again for Red's apartment when she phoned." He leaned forward with his elbows on his knees. "Now what the heck is this all about?"

Tommy's mother was hovering in the archway to the dining room, looking as if she was enduring thumbscrews. "Now, Mike," she said, "don't be too hard on him . . ."

"Mind your own business," Mike said evenly. "Either get out of here or keep quiet."

Tommy's mother stamped toward the kitchen.

"Now what happened?" Tommy's father asked. "I heard about you sloshing Santa Claus with a snowball. What about that? And why did you go to Red's apartment?"

"Maybe you should go over and see Miss Staynor, as I suggested," said Tommy's mother, back in position.

Tommy's father rose. "Would you like to run this inquisition yourself?" he asked loudly. "Why don't you cry all over the little darling? That always fixes everything."

Tommy's mother retreated again. "Why should I go and see that old hag?" Tommy's father shot after her. "I had my last heart-to-heart talk with her 15 years ago. I can find out all about this if you'll only for gosh sake keep quiet and leave me alone!"

"She said you were pretty bad in school," Tommy offered. He just opened his mind to that half-hour in the apartment and let 'er fly. "She said I shouldn't make you mad because you had a bad temper and probably would do things that you didn't really mean."

"Oh, she did, did she?"

"She said you used to make a noise blowing your nose when you were being bawled out, and that in other ways you were the worst student she ever handled, but that she could handle you."

"Yeah, yeah," Tommy's father said hurriedly. "She did, eh? Never mind that, how about you?"

Tommy told about waiting for Santa Claus and about the exchanges with Goofy Garfield.

"That little jerk," said Tommy's father.

Then Tommy told about suddenly realizing it was Mr. Grubb, and

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throwing the snowball at him.

"How did Mr. Grubb get in the..." began Pearl.

"Pearl!" said her mother.

"Why'd you do that?" Mike asked Tommy.

"Can't you see?" Tommy's mother said. "He was so upset psychologically from realizing that we'd been lying to him about Santa Claus..."

"Shut up!" Mike roared. "Let him answer his own questions."

"I was so upset sike... sike..." said Tommy.

"Psychologically," supplied Mike wearily.

"From realizing that you'd been lying to me about Santa Claus..." Tommy said.

"Oh migosh!" said Mike.

"Well, I felt funny, sort of mad, I dunno," said Tommy.

"Okay," Mike said. "So now you know that there isn't any Santa Claus, and you've thrown a snowball at one... Let that be the last time. And don't tell any other small kids about it and get their parents sore. And now what did you do at Miss Staynor's place?"

"Well," Tommy said slowly, "it seems there really is a Santa Claus. A spirit, or something. Guys who dress up like that are just so little kids can understand, because they can't understand anything they can't see, so they have guys dressed up, see?"

"He means the spirit of giving," Estelle said.

"Yeah," said Tommy.

"Well, what else happened?" Mike asked.

"Well, Miss Staynor cried," Tommy said.

"Why?" Estelle asked quickly.

"Because she said I had so much to look forward to," Tommy said.

Estelle and Mike looked at one another and then back at Tommy.

"How did that come up?" Mike asked.

"Well, she took me through this place of hers, it's a little place, and she said she was going to show me how people lived who didn't have any kind of a Santa Claus in their life, even phony ones like Mr. Grubb, and she said that if any Santa Claus came into her life she wouldn't ask who he was or anything else but she'd be grateful for him ho-ho-ing and making a little noise around her place for a change. She's got a chicken all for herself, and she says it'll take her a week to eat the damn thing."

"Tommy!" said Estelle.

"Well, that's what she said."

"The damn thing?"

"It was sort of under her breath."

Estelle and Mike exchanged looks again.

"Well, what else?" Mike asked.

"Beside her bed she's got a flashlight and a box of Kleenex and some asthma powder and some sleeping pills, and she said that's what old women like her has instead of a husband, I think. She showed me a box of cigarettes in the living room and said she bought them last year in case anybody came in at Christmas but nobody came. Anyway she says I'm lucky and got no business throwing snowballs at Santa Claus."

There was a silence for a couple of minutes and Estelle and Mike looked at each other two or three times without speaking and then Mike said, "You're finished until after the holidays, eh, don't have to go back to school?"

"Yep."

"Wanta go sliding this afternoon?"

"Sure would! You coming?"

Mike shook his head. "Get some of the kids. But look here, don't talk about this business this morning. And for gosh sake, don't say anything about what Miss Staynor told you. Now I'm telling you I'll beat the behind off you if you do."

"Okay," Tommy said.

"If any kids ask you what happened, tell them to mind their own business, Okay?"

"Okay."

Tommy was just going out of the room when he stopped and looked back.

"Say, was Miss Staynor ever married?"

His parents exchanged looks again. "Why?"

He told them about the two teachers talking outside the principal's door and they listened impassively and then shoed him out to the kitchen to eat his lunch. His mother poured the soup and his father said, "Let's eat later. I'll mix a drink."

He mixed two drinks rapidly. On the way by Tommy he jogged the boy's head and made him spill some soup he'd just held to his mouth, and he grinned back from the doorway as he followed Estelle back to the living room.

From the kitchen Tommy listened to their conversation.

"Well," said Mike after a few minutes, "another crisis past."

"Mm-hmm."

There was another pause.

"Makes you think a little, eh, what Tommy said about the old girl?" Mike said.

"Mm-hmm."

"Can't you say anything but grunt?"

"That's not a grunt. It's a murmur. Anyway, you were pretty rude to me

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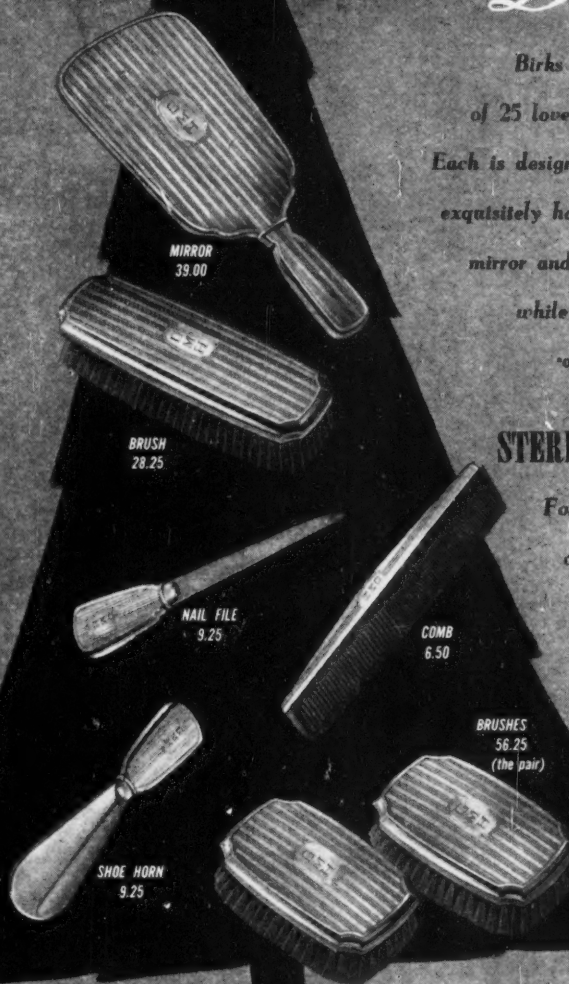
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when you were talking to Tommy."

"You're an awful butt-inski."

Tommy was going slow with his soup. He liked hearing himself discussed and he figured it couldn't be finished yet.

"Damn shame, in a way," Mike said. "I mean, she's spent most of her life here teaching and she should have lots of friends, you'd think."

"Well, you know how many of the older ones have moved away from these schools. I remember my mother asked her over for Christmas one time but

she didn't come. That was a few years after that business about her husband getting killed. I was just a kid. They'd only been married a couple of years and he got killed around Christmastime. She seemed to sort of shut herself off, especially at Christmas."

"I'd take it from what she told Tommy she isn't exactly happy about being shut off now. Funny . . ."

"What?"

"I really never thought about her before, having feelings like that."

"You wouldn't." Estelle sniffled.

"Well, you didn't either."

"I did in a way."

"Baloney!"

There was a silence. About five minutes later Tommy heard his father say, somewhat self-consciously, "Think we ought to do something about it?"

"What?"

"I don't know. But she went to a lot of trouble to try to shield little Dillinger out there. Some teachers I've known would have whaled the whey out

of him and sent a note home suggesting we do the same."

"Why, dear! Don't tell you're soft-hearted!"

"Like a baby."

Pause again, then his mother's voice, "Well, what would you suggest?"

"I say let's get her loaded."

"You would!"

"All right, how about us calling on her at Christmas? If she seems to have a good time we'll keep on calling once in a while."

"She might not like us. In fact, I'm sure she doesn't like you already."

"Nuts. She'll love me."

Estelle laughed. "What I mean is, we're no true-blue good Samaritans and you know it."

"We can try it for size."

There was another pause. "It's really funny, in a way," Estelle said finally. "Tommy bops Santa Claus with a snowball and then his parents decide to make like Santa Claus themselves."

"I suppose Little Big-Ears is listening to all this."

Little Big-Ears had been. But now he was finished his lunch. He felt vaguely satisfied while he got on his snowboots and heavy jacket and went out to get his sleigh.

So that was the last Tommy heard of that conversation. But on Christmas morning, after the presents had been opened and the breakfast eaten and Tommy had dressed up in his Roy Rogers outfit, the four Morgans got in the car. Mike had a bottle of wine in his pocket and Estelle carried a jar of cranberry sauce and two mince pies, nuts, fruit and candy canes. Pearl carried an old doll she liked better than her new ones, and Tommy carried two six-guns, loose in their holsters for a fast draw.

It was about noon when they got there and tapped on the door. They heard slippers coming and the door was opened by Miss Staynor, holding her spectacles in one hand, dressed in a frilly dark green housecoat that matched a ribbon in her rusty hair. Her eyes were surprised and questioning.

"Merry Christmas!" said the Morgans in a ragged chorus.

"Merry Christmas," replied Miss Staynor, and then, doubtfully, "Come in."

As they entered the little living room, which had a few Christmas cards on the mantel and a book lying open in a big chair which obviously had been used infinitely more than the other furniture, Pearl, possibly sensing the need for light conversation at that instant, burst out the glad news, "It's really Santa Claus, not Sanity Closet! Closets got nothing to do with it at all!"

"She still thinks . . . Well, you know," said the boy who had thrown the snowball at Santa Claus.

Miss Staynor's mouth was trembling but her voice was almost defiant as she faced the senior Morgans squarely. "What does this mean, exactly?" she asked.

The Morgans were pretty proud of the old man for the way he rose to the situation. He stepped forward and put his arms around Miss Staynor's shoulders and gave her a good squeeze. "Red," he said, "all it means is that we've come for dinner, and you aren't going to have to eat that damn chicken all by yourself after all." +

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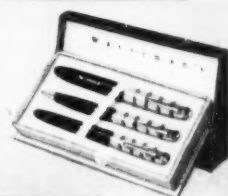
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## ELIZABETH THE WOMAN

Continued from page 21

different upbringing could change it.

But relieved of the load of responsibility she has had to bear all through her adolescence, when the whole attention of other girls was directed toward the careers they had chosen, enjoying themselves, or choosing their husbands she might be freer to indulge her really remarkable sense of humor.

Princess Elizabeth loves the countryside, particularly the soft woods round the Royal Lodge, Windsor. Were she free, I think she would most like to live in that part of the country, with perhaps a house in town.

She is very fond of the theatre, and though country life is her favorite, I know she would be miserable if she were to be cut off from just that sense of excitement about the theatre which fascinates me.

I see her as an excellent housewife and mother. Whatever she does she does well. Her house would be a happy one, for she has that warm-hearted temperament which makes all around her feel content. Her servants would be well-cared-for and would certainly love her. Though she can be very firm if she feels she is being taken advantage of, she is a considerate employer.

### Reunion With Her Son

Princess Elizabeth has a way with children which is quite delightful to watch, and this is particularly evident with her own children.

We used to play, I remember, a game of peep-bo together when she was small. The princess would be playing in the gardens behind 145 Piccadilly, and I would hide myself behind a bush.

Suddenly I would pop my head out and say "Peep-bo," at which she would go off into a long gurgle of laughter. It was a game of which she never tired.

I was amused to see the other day a charming picture of her taken at Clarence House, where she was obviously playing just the same game with Prince Charles.

There is nothing artificial about Princess Elizabeth. If she plays a game with children she is not just "playing down to them." She enjoys it as much as they. She has that priceless gift of being able to forget herself and her surroundings while doing anything which interests her.

This love of children makes her a very human person. I know that the time she has to give to her official duties and the many calls she has upon her day make each moment she spends with Prince Charles and Princess Anne precious to her.

As a private citizen she would be able to spend most of her day with them, and very lucky children they would be.

This thought brings to mind the touching reunion between her and Prince Charles on her return from Malta, where she had visited her husband.

At the airport a silver aircraft touched down on the runway, slowed to a stop, and then swept in a graceful arc toward the control tower.

The crowd which had waited surged forward, surrounding the plane, while panting policemen struggled to keep them from crushing the tiny figure in

a lemon-colored coat, clutching his nannie's hand, and staring with round eyes at the now stationary plane.

The aircraft's door opened. A member of the crew came down the steps toward the child and said a few words to his nannie. Then he lifted the little boy into the aircraft.

Mother and child, together for the first time in eleven weeks, embraced in the plane, while the crowd waited patiently — the photographers impatiently. But none among them grudged Princess Elizabeth the enjoyment of a few precious moments of privacy before she acknowledged the cheers.

## CHAPTER 22

### The Royal Family Life

Princess Elizabeth, mistress of her own household, with her own family around her, and carrying responsibilities only second to those of the King whom she must prepare to succeed, is still very much her father's daughter.

Throughout the long association with the Royal Family which I have been privileged to enjoy, I have constantly had before me their example of perfect unity. The King, the Queen and their two lovely daughters have always taken such pleasure in one another's company that they seemed to draw strength from one another, and had no need of others.

Their harmony has given no scope to the traditional jealousy of courtiers. There have been none of the court favoritism and petty bickering of the old times, for there has been no chance for jealousies to arise. The Royal Family as an indivisible unit, bound together by love and loyalty, stands above and apart from all that.

It is as indivisible as ever now that Princess Elizabeth has a household of her own and much more so, of course, since the King's serious illness.

When Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret were children it was the King's greatest delight to romp and play with them. But from the very first I felt that there was something special about his feeling for Princess Elizabeth. He showed it in a different way from his obvious love for Princess Margaret, who could always charm him.

Princess Margaret's personality was so compelling that she could make him snuggle up and tell stories when he really was too tired.

But Princess Elizabeth would always sense his mood and conform to it. When I used to see them walk together from Royal Lodge to the stables, where they fed the horses, they seemed to me a perfect picture of father and daughter.

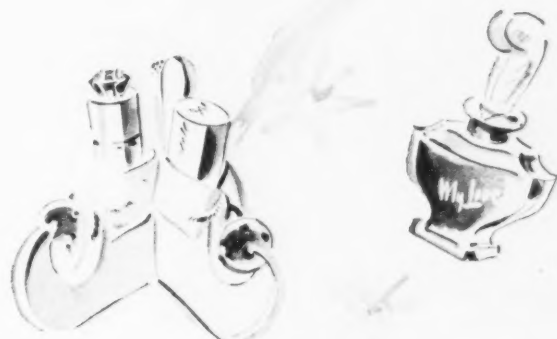
The King, so tall and slim, bending slightly to the little figure by his side — and she, with her hand confidently holding his, always had so much to talk about. And so seriously.

They never seemed to be exchanging mere childish pleasantries. To Princess Elizabeth he always used his normal, adult tone, as one understanding, sensible person to another.

Princess Elizabeth responded eagerly to such treatment, and loved to be taken seriously. She wanted to hear what was going on, and to ask him questions. It was as if even then, when her father was still Duke of York, long before her great destiny was clear before her, her inborn nature was preparing her for it.

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For remember that no one could think of her then as the future Queen of England, but only as a charming little girl who, if certain unpredictable events came to pass, might one day be Queen. These events, not only unpredictable but unprecedented, did come to pass in less than a year with the abdication of King Edward VIII—and then we were all in Buckingham Palace instead of 145 Piccadilly.

The King and Queen had less time then to romp with their daughters, who often sighed for the old days.

"I do wish Papa hadn't to see all those old people," Princess Elizabeth would say. "I think it would do him good to play with us for a bit." No truer word was ever spoken. Indeed it would have done him a great deal of good.

Until the time we moved to the palace the girls had had a normal, simple upbringing. People are continually amazed when they learn how really natural the Royal Family are. They expect them to live always in an aura of glamour and be surrounded by hundreds of bowing flunkys. This is not so.

## Sisters Miss a Brother

I think the royal sisters did miss the company of a brother. Sometimes the two Harewood boys would come to play, or more often their cousins John and Andrew Elphinstone. Then there was great delight.

Both the Elphinstones were excellent mimics, and very full of boyish tricks. The little girls thought they were wonderful.

"I do wish we had a brother," Princess Elizabeth would sigh. Then she would make me tell her about my brother.

"Brothers have their drawbacks," I would point out diplomatically.

"But how, *how* Crawfie?" she would insist.

"Well," I would answer, "they're inclined to be rough. And they tease a lot."

But nothing I could say would persuade her that a brother was not a wonderful possession.

They remained interested in the strange ways of boys and would ask me in a wondering way why so-and-so said that. Or why did so-and-so suddenly start climbing a tree in the middle of tea? I wasn't able to help them much.

The companionship of their father I think did a lot to make up to the princesses for their lack of a brother. But with the host of new duties that thrust themselves upon him when he became King he was forced to break away a little from the close intimacy with his children.

For instance, they were a little sad to find their rooms at the palace so far from their parents'. As the older Princess Elizabeth was the first to become aware of the great change forcing into their lives. She would say, "Let's find Papa and tell him about . . ."

Then she would break off, "Oh dear, I suppose he's busy," she would end sadly.

Since that day, of course, as Princess Elizabeth has grown from childhood to womanhood she has found a new link with her father in being able to ease his tremendous load of responsibilities by taking some of them on her own increasingly capable shoulders.

Those who saw the Trooping the Color

last summer will never forget the sight of Princess Elizabeth taking her place in the procession, serenely seated on her horse. As she rode to take the salute at the Trooping ceremony, as a Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, she wore a scarlet and gold tunic, and a black bear-skin tricorne with a white plume, an exact copy of the hat worn by a Grenadier Colonel in 1754.

I have often felt that Princess Elizabeth is at her best on horseback. She sits there with a dignity it is difficult to describe; it is almost as if she is molded into position.

## Riding Side-saddle

Normally, of course, she rides astride. But for the dignified parade, in which she made her first appearance in 1948, she felt that side-saddle would be more becoming.

It was arranged that she should take part in the 1948 ceremony some months before the event, while she was still on the South African tour. She did not then possess a side-saddle, which is a beautifully made piece of leather specially fitted for the individual rider. Accordingly, orders were sent home to have one prepared for her and this she found waiting on her return.

With that thoroughness which is so typical of her she then set about practicing with it, so that when the parade came she would be, so to speak, saddle-perfect.

As everyone knows, she carried her part off magnificently. But on that occasion her father was there to see her through. This year he was ill and could not be so close.

But, again, she played her part with all that skill we have come to expect as Princess Elizabeth's way. She sat her horse with a grace which brought murmurs of admiration from the huge crowd who came to watch.

"It makes me think," one courtier told me, "of that well-known picture of Queen Elizabeth reviewing her troops from horseback before the Armada."

Many people made similar comments. But for Princess Elizabeth the main interest in the procession must have been her feeling that here at last was some concrete help she could give her beloved father.

I have often commented on the strong sense of duty which animates her. Now, coupled with that compelling force, she has the urge to relieve her father of as much of his burden as she can.

Although the strain this places on her is obviously great, Princess Elizabeth has taken on these additional tasks with enthusiasm. For these are the functions to which her life has been dedicated. This is the goal toward which all those long walks and quiet confidential chats with her father through the years had been directed. +

*Does a royal princess ever go shopping in the stores, or is everything bought for her? Does she ever travel by railway, except in a special train? How does the heir to the throne pay for the operation of her men household, and how does her father the King manage his household affairs?*

*In the final installment of her intimate account of Princess Elizabeth's growth in womanhood, "Crawfie" unfolds a fascinating picture of the advantages and the drawbacks of the royal life—in January Chatelaine.*



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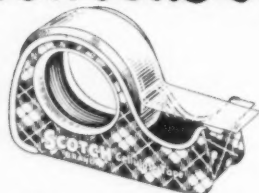


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## LILLIAN FOSTER

Continued from page 23

a life-size plaster horse to present her with a cheque for \$1,800. Then her millionaire boss, Telegram publisher C. George McCullagh, wrapped her in a bear hug as Lillian's 700 all tried to shake hands with her at once. Nothing like it ever happened to a Canadian newspaper woman before.

Lillian was touched, not to say stunned, at the time, but rallied quickly. By the next day she had figured out "why they gave me a banquet like they never gave anybody else. It's because they know I like to eat so well."

Suddenly struck by the brilliance of her own analysis, Lillian went eagerly on: "That's why I'm a good reporter too—because I like food. When some important person has a press conference all the busy women writers flock in and they fire questions and they scribble their notes and they rush out again. I just sit through it all and when they're all gone the important person looks at me and says would I like a cup of tea and some cookies? I say 'That would be lovely' and so I have lots and lots of cookies and several cups of tea and when I leave an hour or two later I know all there is to know about that woman. Then I go back to the office and write my story."

Lillian's fondness for food is well known, and the sight of Lillian digging her way into chicken-in-a-basket at a Montreal accessory show is something eye-witnesses have never forgotten. But if she is hearty she is also frank.

When a friend at a luncheon enquired if she liked her new hat, Lillian answered "It's nice, dear, but you should never wear a velvet hat before five o'clock." When her host at a cocktail party cooed "And how did you enjoy yourself, Miss Foster?" she responded promptly "I can't say that the food was so hot. Last year you had little sausages and this year we just got sandwiches."

It was Lillian Foster who rose to her feet during the first Toronto demonstration of that sensational innovation, the home permanent, and suggested "If your method is so good why don't you put it in the hairdressers?"

"Madam," the home permanent official responded coldly, "this process is designed for home use. It's for women too busy to go to the hairdressers."

"Nonsense," retorted Lillian. "My friends are far too busy to give each other permanents and I certainly don't want to have to call my neighbors in to help me wind curlers every six months."

### Birth of a Specialist

The other women reporters began excitedly debating the point, the model doing the demonstrating stopped and stared, the official spluttered and the room was in an uproar. Today, five years later, the same home permanents are available at your hairdresser's.

Fashions once were just a side-line with Lillian, in the days when Canadian fashion reporting consisted entirely of interviewing millionaires' wives just returned from Paris. Fifteen years ago she covered club meetings and weddings around Toronto and knew intimately every blueblood in the city. She was fascinated by clothes and bemoaned at

great length the absence of good Canadian-made lines.

When the Canadian dress industry began to bloom during the war, due to the restrictions on imported clothes, Lillian delightedly wrote about its every small triumph. As it grew she spent less and less time covering other women's activities and more and more on fashion, but this was largely a labor of love until the Tely changed hands. After more than 30 Spartan years on the old Evening Telegram Lillian was still making less than \$40 a week until George McCullagh, publisher of the morning Globe and Mail, bought the paper in 1948. Immediately Lillian Foster's salary was almost doubled and since then her byline has appeared on all Tely fashion stories with the newspaper sending her on twice-yearly jaunts to cover the New York and Montreal fashion shows.

Lillian probably owed her sudden change of fortune at least in part to the Globe and Mail's then managing editor, Bob Farquharson, who for years told his publisher as he had been telling anyone who cared to listen: "I've been trying to steal Lillian for the Globe for nine years. She's the best fashion reporter by far in the country."

### Race Track Scoop

Lillian's uncanny knowledge of her trade once stopped the press preview of a fashion show at Creed's, one of Toronto's most exclusive stores, when proprietor Jack Creed himself introduced "a Christian Dior original, straight from Paris."

"It's a Balenciaga," muttered Lillian, the other fashion reporters took it up, and Creed sent the model back to the dressing room to strip and look at the label. It was a Balenciaga.

The same uncanny Foster eye brought her a real scoop about ten years ago when she was plodding around the members' enclosure at the Woodbine race track on King's Plate day, keeping one eye on the entries in order to make her selections at the two-dollar wicket and the other on the clothes being modeled by the sporting set.

Lillian took in with an indifferent glance the loose wool coat worn by a wealthy woman she knew on sight. "That's strange," she thought to herself. "That woman bought the first silver blue mink in Toronto and here she is at the King's Plate in an old tweed coat."

She managed to get introduced to the woman and promptly asked to see the label on the coat. It came from a British Bond Street dressmaker who designed for royalty. Lillian described the coat carefully in the next edition of the Telegram and it turned out to be the forerunner of the modern loose, deep-armholed topcoat.

Lillian Foster is entirely without envy for either the beauty of her associates or for their fine clothes. She calls the rabbit coat she wears in the winter "Harvey" and is unimpressed that Harvey's most frequent consorts are mink and ermine.

"Lillian," a friend once said in some exasperation, "This party you're going to tonight is a very elaborate affair. The lieutenant-governor will be there and all the highest society in town. Won't you please go home and change into something else?"

"Ha," snorted Lillian. "Everyone will be dressed to the teeth and I'll be

an understatement. Nothing like an understatement."

At one time fashion commentator Rosemary Boxer, a striking blonde who is always on top of the mode herself, campaigned to get Lillian to buy a new hat. Lillian, who for years used to wear a faded blue beret everywhere, turned up at a formal luncheon wearing the most atrocious hat ever seen and beaming affably at the horrified Mrs. Boxer, asked eagerly, "Like it?"

### Society Secrets

Posy Boxer made a small sound and closed her eyes; and the luncheon was nearly over before she discovered that Lillian had cunningly obtained a milliner's felt hood, crumpled it on top of her head and festooned it with every bit of junk jewelry she owned, just for a gag.

Last fall Lillian announced she was about to celebrate her 35th anniversary on the Tely by giving herself a party—a tea party—at the Toronto Women's Press Club. Her friends said thanks, and promptly started selling \$6 tickets for a "Hurrah for Lillian Dinner" which they hurriedly organized as a gigantic surprise party to be held at the Royal York the evening before Lillian's tea.

There was some natural confusion over the two anniversary celebrations. When a lady phoned Lillian and innocently enquired where she could buy tickets, Lillian replied hotly: "Look here, I've won some money on the horses and I can afford to give a party without selling tickets. And besides, this party is for my friends only and I don't know you and you're no friend of mine and you are NOT invited. Good-by!"

Lillian Foster knows all there is to know about every important woman in Toronto, who she dated before she was married, who she would rather have married than her present husband, the trouble she had with her son and how she managed to get elected president of the Daughters of Eve.

### Thousands Cheered

Credited with being a power behind the scenes, Lillian has more than once taken some clubwoman aside and started the conversation by saying: "Now, dearie, if you're smart you'll... There's a story that when Lillian heard that only a select luncheon group would hear Eleanor Roosevelt's United Nations Day address at the Canadian National Exhibition last fall, she immediately decided this was unfair and she would get the speech switched to the bandshell where thousands could see and hear."

First she approached Kate Aitken, women's director of the Toronto Ex, but not sure she'd sold the idea she went next to CNE President C. R. Berkinshaw and told him Kate Aitken was anxious that Mrs. Roosevelt appear at the bandshell. Berkinshaw endorsed the idea so Lillian returned to Mrs. Aitken and told her that Berkinshaw was anxious Mrs. Roosevelt appear on the bandshell. Thirty thousand women saw and heard Eleanor Roosevelt.

Lillian Foster has always had to plan and work hard to get anywhere in life. She was a pretty girl, slim and full of fire, who in her teens studied elocution at the Toronto Conservatory School of Expression, but then she had to go to

Continued on page 42

# Once in her life... every woman should have the thrill of a **SINGER** Christmas

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The excitement of lifting the lid — it *is* a SINGER, it really is! Trying it for the first time on a piece of Christmas ribbon...

It's a thrill every woman should have once in her life, the thrill of getting a handsome new SINGER\* Sewing Machine.

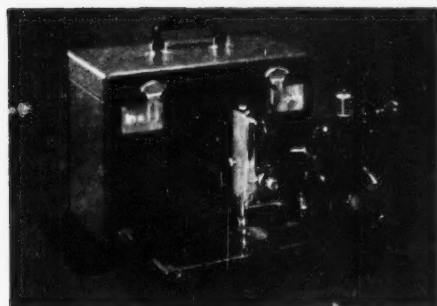
It's a thrill that comes only once. For when a woman owns a SINGER, she owns a machine that will last for a lifetime... the easiest-stitching, smoothest-running, best-loved of all machines... the one machine that has proved its dependability through 100 years.

Again this year, no other sewing machine in the world can equal a new SINGER. Make this Christmas a SINGER Christmas in your family!

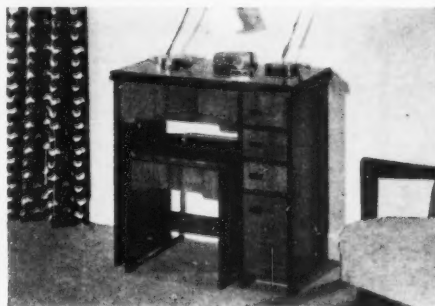
- **The Queen Anne.** A graceful piece that will go beautifully in any room. Comfortable matching stool. Gleamingly finished in walnut. Every deluxe sewing feature.



Portable or cabinet... only **SINGER** offers you all these advantages!



• **SINGER Featherweight Portable.** An 11-pound wonder with all the features of a full-size cabinet model.



• **Modern Desk Model.** Handsome living room piece. Roomy drawers. Polished walnut finish.

- Sews forward or back at the flick of a finger.
- Tension regulated by numbered dial — no guess work.
- True-stitching action at any speed, on any fabric.
- Full range of stitches from very fine to big basting.
- Non-glare "daylight" sewing light.
- Basic attachments — hemmer, ruffler, etc. — with every machine.
- Famous SINGER sewing course. No extra cost.
- World's most beautiful cabinets in styles to fit any home.
- Prices to fit any purse. Minimum down payment. Easy terms.
- Cross-country service — available wherever you go from any of over 100 SINGER SEWING CENTERS, coast to coast.



**S**\*For your protection, SINGER sells and services its Sewing Machines and other products only through SINGER SEWING CENTERS, identified by the big Red "S" Trade Mark and the "SINGER SEWING CENTER" on the window, and never through department stores, dealers, or other outlets.

**At left** is the SINGER SEWING CENTER at 33 King Street West, Sherbrooke, Que. More than a hundred others, coast to coast. For address nearest you, see classified phone directory under SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY.

## SINGER SEWING CENTERS

THERE'S ONE NEAR YOU TO SERVE YOU

\*A Trade Mark of THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

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### Other "thanks-a-million" gifts at your SINGER SEWING CENTERS



- **So pretty:** gay sewing boxes, sewing kits! **Book!** So different: a SINGER Dress Form or pattern and fabric for a dress!





## **GIFT PRICES**

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... buys  
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GIFTS**

Each additional gift will cost only 75c

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These rates good for gifts to Canada only. When your gifts are to be mailed to friends outside of Canada please enclose an additional 50c per subscription for all British Countries and the U.S.A. An additional \$2.00 each for all other countries.

★ Let CHATELAINE GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS be the answer to your Christmas shopping problems! Unlike the gift that is excitedly unwrapped only on Christmas morning ... CHATELAINE will come to your friends each and every month for an entire year ... to remind them constantly of your own special way of saying "Merry Christmas"! CHATELAINE will be enthusiastically received by every woman on your gift list ... each interest-packed issue will seem to be just made for her particular enjoyment! And CHATELAINE is so amazingly economical. You may remember many extra friends this Christmas, with little or no strain on your budget.

## ★ **ORDER NOW ... PAY LATER**

As a special service to CHATELAINE readers, you may send your gift list NOW, to ensure plenty of time for our most efficient handling ... BUT, you do not have to bother with payment now unless you wish. We will hold your billing over until the new year, thus affording you that extra money for other pre-Christmas needs!

## ● **FREE GIFT CARDS!**

At no extra charge, we will send on your behalf, an attractive greeting announcement card to each friend on your gift subscription list. Cards will be signed by hand and mailed just at the right time to reach their destination at Christmas. OR, if you prefer we will send the cards directly to you for personal mailing. Please state your choice.

**ALL CHRISTMAS GIFT RATES EXPIRE DECEMBER 24, 1951**



EVERY WOMAN ON YOUR  
GIFT LIST WILL  
BE THOROUGHLY DELIGHTED  
WITH A

**CHATELAINE**

GIFT SUBSCRIPTION

**GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS**

### ● IMPORTANT REGULATIONS

1. You may include your own new or renewal subscription in your order, thus taking advantage of the special savings.
2. Be sure to include the required additional charges when sending gifts outside of Canada.
3. Your total order may not include more than ten gifts for any ONE magazine.
4. All special Christmas gift rates expire December 24, 1951.



### EXTRA SPECIAL GROUP RATES

If you order 4 or more gifts of CHATELAINE, you may send one-year gift subscriptions for other popular Maclean-Hunter magazines at these unusually low rates. (Please write orders for these other magazines on a separate sheet of paper, attached securely to your Chatelaine orders. Be sure to indicate beside the recipient's name, the title of the magazine you wish to give.)

**THESE  
RATES  
GOOD  
IN  
CANADA  
ONLY**

MACLEAN'S ..... \$1.25 each  
MAYFAIR ..... \$1.50 each  
CANADIAN HOMES and GARDENS ..... \$1.50 each

## CHRISTMAS GIFT ORDER FORM

CHATELAINE,  
481 UNIVERSITY AVENUE,  
TORONTO 2, ONTARIO.

Please send one-year CHATELAINE GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS to my friends listed below.

- ☐ Mail gift cards, signed as indicated  
☐ OR/send cards to me for personal mailing  
☐ I enclose payment of \$.....  
☐ Bill me for payment after Jan. 1, 1952

TO .....  
Address .....

**1** City ..... Prov. ....  
Sign gift card from .....

TO .....  
Address .....

**2** City ..... Prov. ....  
Sign gift card from .....

TO .....  
Address .....

**3** City ..... Prov. ....  
Sign gift card from .....

TO .....  
Address .....

**4** City ..... Prov. ....  
Sign gift card from .....

TO .....  
Address .....

**5** City ..... Prov. ....  
Sign gift card from .....

TO .....  
Address .....

**6** City ..... Prov. ....  
Sign gift card from .....

CX-12-51

MY NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... PROVINCE .....

- ☐ I would like my own new ☐ renewal ☐  
subscription included in this order

BRUSHES & TOILETWARE  
**Keystone** FOR MEN AND WOMEN



They're a handsome couple—Keystone brushes with long years of good grooming ahead of them. Choose nylon or natural bristles, set in plastic or the new richly-grained Lustrewood. For the finest style and quality, ask for Keystone!

**JK**

*Featuring the new Lustrewood*  
STEVENS-HEPNER CO., LIMITED • PORT ELGIN, ONTARIO • TORONTO • WINNIPEG



*is in the air*



This is the fragrance of incomparable freshness... that makes you seem younger, lovelier to be near, every day.

**Tweed Bouquet.** Splash it on lavishly from head to toe. 3 oz., \$1.50

**Tweed Toilet Essence.** New idea in fragrance... longer lasting than toilet water, less costly than perfume. 2 oz., \$3.25

**Tweed Perfume.** Your favorite fragrance in its most lasting form. 1/2 oz., \$7.15

**Sentheric**  
PARIS • LONDON • NEW YORK

*Continued from page 38*

work as a stenographer to help out at home, for she was one of a big Irish-Canadian family. When a boyfriend who worked on the Telegram told her he was going overseas she suggested he help her get his job. The year was 1916, and the newspapers were desperate for help to interview relatives of men on the lengthy casualty lists. Introduced to the managing editor she was hired on the spot.

When the war was over in 1918, Lillian Foster was kept on at the Telegram, working on the news side with the men reporters. In 1930 she was moved to the women's page to start a column called *The Shopper*, an anonymous collection of paragraphs about new merchandise in the downtown stores. "Today surveys show *The Shopper* has 80,000 readers.

#### Pestering Salesgirls

Doing the daily *Shopper*, Lillian learned about merchandise. She still spends an average of three hours a day strolling through the stores, fingering everything and asking questions. If it's a dress she counts the buttons; if it's a purse, she measures the length of the zipper.

"I annoy a lot of salesgirls with my questions," she remarks calmly, "and it's terrible that they don't know more about the merchandise they're selling. Believe me, by the time I'm through they know about it. I get the buyer and we find out about it. I must say they seem to be getting better all the time."

Although her pay envelope was never very heavy Lillian supported her widowed mother for years, keeping a servant to look after her until Mrs. Foster died, and also managed to help out nieces and nephews during the terrible thirties.

Yet even while watching her pennies Lillian Foster has always been a sucker for a sure winner at the race track. This might almost be described as an occupational disease, for the races are a must on the alert fashion reporter's beat. Lillian bets a system—a system of asking everyone she knows what horse they are "on," weighing her information

carefully and then betting two or three horses in the same race to "show" in first, second or third place. This is a hard way to get rich, but it is also impossible to lose very much. All Lillian's winnings go down the front of her dress and thence to a bank where she keeps a special account for these fluctuating winnings.

#### Five Shows a Day

In 1935 when the account was up to about \$300 Lillian decided it was sufficient to take her to Europe. "I was sick and tired of everyone saying to me 'In England we do such and such' or 'Haven't you seen Paris?', so I just decided to find out what they were all talking about."

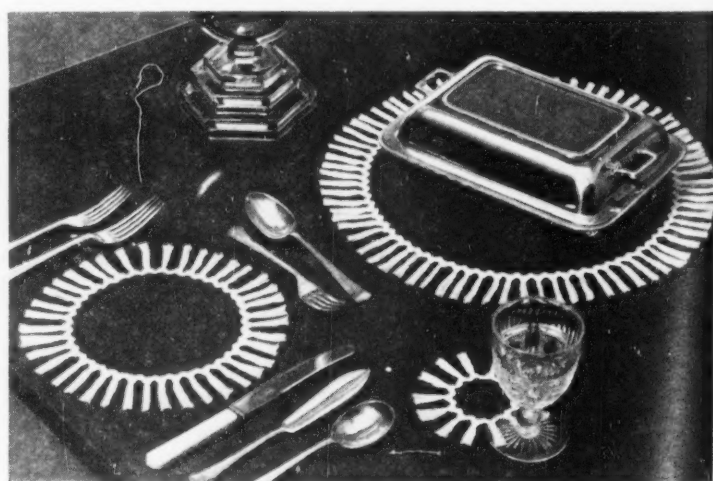
She piled her clothes into an antique suitcase not far removed from the cardboard variety; then she wrapped what was left over in a newspaper and told dismayed friends "Well, I'm advertising the Tely anyway." She rode a bus to New York, sailed second class to Le Havre, saw Paris and London (winning a few quid at Epsom Downs) and returned home with some of the \$300 still in her purse.

All the time Lillian Foster was covering Toronto fashion shows for the old Tely, plumping hard for better style in lower price dresses and pushing Canadian-made clothes, she longed to see the big shows in New York. Now that she's given the chance she launches twice-yearly assaults on the North American fashion capital which leave younger reporters exhausted in her wake.

The New York Dress Institute keeps clippings of all the stories written about these shows and Eleanor Lambert, its director, says "that fat girl from Canada" writes the best copy.

"Lillian doesn't just describe a garment," explains Miss Lambert, "she spots a trend, or a different handling, and her stories are used as guides by Canadian manufacturers."

Three years before the New Look, Lillian Foster wrote testily that skirts would have to be longer and two years after the New Look she wrote that skirts had gone too long and would have to come up a bit. Lillian insists that fashions don't change every year, as



#### TASSEL-FRINGED LUNCHEON MATS

*Sophisticated to look at, swift to make—the perfect answer to last-minute gift making. A half yard of 36-in. material cuts into centerpiece with six each place and glass settings. No. S232. Price 10 cents. Order from Chateaufort Handicraft Department, 481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.*

husbands claim—they change every five years. "Some women wait until a fashion has been out two or three years before they buy it," she states. "It's their own fault if the style is out a year or two later. They should have bought it right away."

On her last New York trip, Lillian saw 62 shows in 12 days, starting with 8 a.m. breakfast shows and ending after midnight.

#### Lady Byng's Bargain

She commutes between shows by taxi, even if they are a block apart, and snarls the entire distance about the route the driver has chosen. At the show she plunks herself down near the runway and commands the models to let her feel the goods. At a Pauline Trigere show about three years ago she once studied a grey tweed evening dress thoughtfully and then announced that out of the thousand new things shown that season the grey tweed would win the awards. A few weeks later it was granted the Neiman-Marcus Academy Award, the highest award a designer can get.

Every night after watching six or seven shows she takes her notes and her pictures back to the hotel room, sorts them out and writes her story. Distrustful of bellboys, she puffs down to the nearest Western Union office at three in the morning, hands her story to the sleepy operator and watches suspiciously while he puts it out over the wires. Then she goes back to her room, strips to the skin and throws everything into a corner. She takes along enough clothes to dress in fresh things, from the skin out, every day. Four hours later she rises to attend another breakfast show.

Her friends often wonder how a 58-year-old woman can keep such a pace. "I just think how many women lead dull lives," she answers. "Hundreds and hundreds of them with only their housework to look forward to... think how much they'd like to be in my shoes for one day. How can I slow down just because I'm tired?"

Lillian lives in a walk-up apartment over a store near Bloor and Spadina with her unmarried brother and sister. In the summer she spends all her spare time at a cottage near Wasaga Beach, on Georgian Bay, where she entertains in slacks and leaves her guests with an unforgettable picture of her going away from them in this costume.

Lillian wangled lumber from one place and bricks from another to get her cottage built cheaply. At one point she and a carpenter were arguing bitterly over his contract price for the outhouse when the mail arrived. "Here's a letter from Lady Byng," remarked Lillian absently.

"You know Lady Byng?" said the carpenter.

"A very good friend of mine," replied Lillian, deep in her letter.

"By Gawd, you know some swell people, Miss Foster," the carpenter cried. "I'll build that privy real cheap."

Today Lillian is unconcerned about her future. "As long as I have a typewriter and a bed, that's all I want," she claims. "I'm going through life with my wheelbarrow turned upside down because sure as I turn it over someone will fill it with bricks."

Bricks, a banquet, a plaster horse, \$1,800 and 50,000 friends +

The nicest compliments  
are getting round about you!

Warner-wonderful bras hold up so beautifully because the pressure is put on the designer instead of on you, Beautiful Ladies' Choice from dozens of styles, all with adjustable closing, all 3-Way-Sized. From \$2.00 to \$11.50 at the nicest stores.



Your ardent admirer! Our stretchable bras designed under the famous A'Lure label are made

of satin or nylon elastic that follows your every move like a flattering escort. Illustrated: satin elastic and nylon marquisette.

Latest million dollar hold-up!

Warner-wonderful strapless bras are dreamlined to form — not frame — with light, flexible bones and supplest of wiring. Illustrated: silky broadcloth and rich embroidered marquisette.



A closer hug...never a tug!

Warner-wonderful bras with the famous stretchable feature are probably the world's most popular because the fabric moves just as you move. And the unique cup is designed to uphold and enhance all types and sizes! Illustrated: satin tissue and marquisette.



**WARNER'S**  
3-Way-Sized  
Foundations and Bras

WORLD-FAMOUS LE GANT • STA-UP-TOP •  
A'LURE • "FREE-LIFT" • REDFERN •  
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# The Beautiful Necessity



THE MONTCALM PATTERN  
NUMBER 718 Maroon

This Maroon and Gold pattern is now available  
in sets of several sizes and open stock.



A creation of  
**SOVEREIGN POTTERS**

HAMILTON

ONTARIO

Fine Earthen Dinnerware Since 1933

## GIVE YOURSELF

Continued from page 9

pleasure when they cannot share it.

War headlines also seem to deny the meaning of Christmas, with fighting in Korea and mounting tensions threatening trouble in many other places around the globe. And what can Christmas mean in lands behind the Iron Curtain where everything has been done to kill and destroy all remembrance of the Man who gave Christmas to us? What can Christmas mean where churches are closed, where children are taught a religion of might and denied the privilege of worshipping God in the ways of their forefathers?

Even in our own democratic countries we still see so-called Christians refusing the hand of friendship to strangers and foreigners. While dining in a London restaurant, during a trip to England last summer, I sat not far from a well-dressed woman eating alone. When the headwaiter led three Hindu ladies to her table, attractively dressed in their national saris, the Anglo-Saxon got up, called for her check and went to pay her bill. I followed her to the foyer where I excused myself and asked if she had left that table because of her companions. She replied emphatically, "Yes!" and declared that she did not need to eat with natives of another country. This woman was a member of my own Christian church, but she had never learned the basic teachings of that church, which are to treat all men of all colors and creeds as fellow sons of a loving God.

We observe the same sort of treatment right at home toward the new Canadians from foreign countries now settling in our land. Too often we see them treated not as fellow human beings, not as good Canadians-to-be but treated instead with contempt and disdain by those who will soon be self-righteously celebrating the birth of Jesus Christ. I wonder if the Jew of Nazareth would be received today with open arms by many who call themselves Christians?

In my work I am so often asked, "Why does God permit such things as racial intolerance, wars, poverty and sickness to exist?" We know that God made none of these things for He only made those things which are good. It is man himself, by his hatred, his resentments and his refusal to live according to the basic laws of God, who has created these evils—and they will persist until man learns to understand the laws of God and live according to them.

### The Law of Giving

At Christmastime all those years ago, God sent us His only begotten son as a Messiah to live among us in human form—to show us that our kind of lives can be lived according to God's laws. He lived in a world torn by wars. He had to face the same trials we have to face—the same diseases, the same tribulations. Jesus Christ had to live as a boy, as a youth, and as a man to know what life was all about. And by His complete overcoming of His own emotions and His own inherited human characteristics, He not only showed us how to live—He proved that it can be done.

For centuries the Christian church seems to have been interested only in teaching people how to die. In my own

lifetime I have heard preachers declare that a Christian can know no happiness on this earth, that we can gain our only happiness in a far-off heaven. We are told that God sends us trials, sicknesses, diseases and tribulations of all kinds and that we are supposed to suffer those things meekly in order to gain a crown of glory in the next life.

I am not a theologian, but my Bible tells me very plainly that Jesus came to show me a way of living. He came to show me how to overcome my own weaknesses, my own diseases, my own sins. He came to bring me a more abundant life not in some hereafter but right here and now.

That is what Christmas means to me—a celebration of the birth of the God who came in human form to teach me, an ordinary citizen, a way of abundant living, free from worry, anxiety, care and sicknesses.

### We Punish Ourselves

In my work conducting the Lessons in Living Bible class in Montreal, I try to teach people my own great discovery—the existence of that Kingdom of God within me which has taught me how to know myself, how to overcome myself.

For 35 years I underwent constant physical suffering. I was sent home to die when no medical skill could save me. Yet in those few weeks which I thought were all I had left I re-read my Bible and suddenly came to the conviction that Jesus was born to show me a way to live. I found out that while I had studied and learned all about my church and about God, I had never known of that latent power hidden within me and which only a simple faith could release. Then came the glorious healing of my soul, followed by bodily healing.

Now I look upon every trial, every setback as a stepping stone for me to a higher plane of thought and action. I have learned that no one in this world, neither man nor devil can ever hurt me unless I let him. I have learned that God does not punish us for our misdeeds but that we automatically punish ourselves when we break the laws of God.

But above all I have learned the law of giving. I have learned that we can never get anything for nothing on this earth; before we are able to receive, before we can expect to get, we must learn how to give. This is what Christmas means to me now—the law of right giving, not just at this season but every day of the whole year.

During my years of illness I had always occupied a good position, yet I was heavily in debt to doctors and hospitals. What had I ever given to my neighbors? What criticism did I hold in my heart against any man of another race, color, or creed? I took all such selfishness and bitterness from my heart, I surrendered myself to an invisible Being whom I had found by faith within myself, and I learned that the basis of Christian living is Christian giving—not just of money, but of ourselves. That is why I say at this season—give yourself this Christmas.

In my counseling work I have come across many cases of women who had incomes upon which to live, but their days were just a series of personal gossip fests set to the accompaniment of bridge games and entertainment of various kinds. These persons would come down with all sorts of ills and nervous conditions and come to me for

## Helpful Hints on Home Heating



So many advances have been made in recent years in the development of heating equipment that today practically any home can enjoy the complete comfort of well-distributed warmth from a convenient and efficient system adapted to its particular needs. First step to assure that result, whether in present or projected home, is to consult your architect or plumbing and heating contractor, who will make an analysis of the building and plan the system accordingly.

At the planning stage, a reference guide you'll find interesting and informative is the Crane booklet ADM-4607 "How to select the right heating system for your home".

**CAPACITY**—In selecting the boiler, it is of course of first importance that it be of the right capacity for your requirements. It is also a good idea to have one that is readily convertible for use with all types of fuel. For your selection in the Crane line is a complete variety of dependable boilers—of all capacities, ranging upwards from the famous little "Junior", 42 inches of heating efficiency, which brings the advantages of hot water heating to the smallest homes. All Crane boilers are adaptable to all methods of firing and all types of fuel. When planning the heating system have in mind the advantages of the new "BILTIN" tankless instantaneous coil which provides an abundant and continuous supply of domestic hot water—without the need of a storage tank.

**CARE CUTS COSTS**—Soot and scale cost money. They form an insulating layer that stops heat from reaching the



water of your heating system. It pays to clean flues twice a month—give your boiler a complete annual cleaning—and have your plumbing and heating contractor give it a check-up at least once a year. Cleaning a boiler can be done without trouble or dirt. Always start at the top and work downward. You can allow soot and dust to fall on the fire where it will burn or reduce to ash. This eliminates the dirty job of removal through flue clean-out doors and does no particular harm to the condition of the firebed. Tools for removing soot and scale effectively are a scraper and a long handled wire brush. The main thing is TO KEEP THE FLUES CLEAN.

**EVEN TEMPERATURES** save fuel. Set Thermostat at 65 to 70 for daytime; 60 at night.

**OTHER FUEL-SAVING SUGGESTIONS**—Seal any air leaks in heating system from basement to chimney top . . . do not keep doors or windows open longer than necessary . . . a wise precaution is to open windows at top rather than at bottom (where cold air will sweep the radiator and perhaps freeze it) . . . dust off all outside surfaces of radiators regularly as dust is an insulator . . . prevent air leakage around frames of windows, doors and open woodwork by caulking . . . insulate the heating unit unless the heat radiated from it is used to heat the basement.

**RADIATION**—In determining the kind of radiators to install, you'll want to consider the new "Radiant Baseboard Heating" system, the modern method of introducing heat at ankle level for evenly-distributed warmth throughout the room. The sturdy cast iron panels (as you can see from the illustration in the adjoining advertisement) look like baseboards and are substituted for them. If another system best suits your needs, here again you have a complete selection of



dependable cast iron radiators available in the comprehensive Crane line: free standing ("on leg") or wall-hung, and concealed radiators for cabinet or panel installation.

**LOCAL STOPS**—An individual shut-off valve on each radiator gives you a big advantage: you can regulate the heat in any particular room without affecting the rest of the house.

**OPEN** the little petcock at the side of the radiator occasionally—and keep it open until water appears. This prevents the formation in the radiator of air pockets which tend to arrest the circulation of the water.

Also it's a good idea to operate the hand levers on the Relief Valve and the Safety Valve of your boiler two or three times a year—just to make sure they are in good working order.

**INFORMATION**—There are many booklets and folders available on the different aspects of heating for modern homes. Ask your plumbing and heating contractor or write Crane General Office for illustrated informative literature on any particular heating subject in which you are interested.



The round-up is over—

—and the Riders of the Range relax in dreams within the old corral—a cosy, comfortable "corral" it is for them, with those modern Radiant Baseboard Panels distributing even, healthful heat throughout the room.

Baseboard Panels stand high among the accepted modern developments in Crane heating equipment which also includes: free-standing, wall-hung and concealed radiators . . . piping, valves and fittings . . . and the right size and type of boiler for every home-heating requirement. Among them is the famous Crane Oil-Burning Boiler with its "BILTIN" tankless coil which assures an abundant supply of domestic hot water automatically. Consult your Architect and your Plumbing and Heating Contractor.

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for every budget...

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**HOSPITALS know**

*Aluminum is friendly to food*



Hospitals must be careful about their kitchens. Cooking utensils must meet the highest hygienic standards in food preparation. That's why hospitals use so many aluminum utensils. Aluminum is ideal in contact with food. And this food-friendly metal helps prepare meals more easily because it heats so quickly and evenly. Millions of Canadian housewives enjoy these "aluminum advantages", too. They cook better, cook more easily and protect the flavour and quality of their food with aluminum utensils.



IN THE FOOD INDUSTRY, ALSO, aluminum continues its good job of protecting purity and quality. Chocolate bars, tea, butter, margarine and many other foodstuffs are wrapped in aluminum foil.

IN THE DAIRY INDUSTRY milk pails and many parts of modern milking machines are made of aluminum. And when you see a bottle of milk with a gleaming aluminum foil top, you can be sure of purity well protected.

**ALUMINUM**  
the metal of many uses  
**SERVES THE DOCTOR, TOO!**

- Aluminum caps are used on blood plasma bottles.
- Aluminum capsules are used to protect serums.
- Aluminum jells are used in treating ulcers.

**HOSPITALS know**

*Aluminum is friendly to health*

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD.

help. I always try to show such people how to give of themselves. I make them go and work as nurses' aids without pay, or find some other field of service in which they can give part of their time each week to helping others. In case after case these people have forgotten their own ills and lost the idea that their nerves were bad, because they saw so much real illness, so much real need. In serving others they helped themselves back to perfect health.

Jesus Christ gave Himself entirely for the world. He proved to us that happy living was possible for us and furthermore He told us that the wonderful things He did we could do also—even healing. Look at the Roman Catholic shrines of healing in many countries; I believe that wonderful healings do take place there; I believe that healing is accomplished by many cults today, and that this is all God Power being transmitted by means of a positive faith and a real earnest trying to live according to the laws of God. I have seen healing in my own congregations, too—but I do not believe any such healings are miracles. To me they are merely proof that God's laws always bring to us the good we need when we obey them.

We do not realize that it is the little things in our daily pattern of thinking which mold our characters, and that they can affect our health, too. Petty spites, gossiping, criticisms and resentment bring about many of our ills. And just by letting go of these things, by refusing to live on the memories of how badly someone treated us and trying to live the Christ pattern each hour of every day, we can overcome every evil or bad thing that ever happens to us.

#### As We Sow

Christmas teaches us how to give of ourselves, but not in the commercialized way we see all around us at this time. I know so many people who go into debt at Christmas in order to keep up with the Joneses, and all the next year they are paying off those debts. Surely this is not the spirit of Christmas. I have seen in office and factory, girls "not speaking" after Christmas because the present one received from her friend did not equal in value the gift she gave. What a mockery of the real spirit of Christmas. What a mockery of the way of life that Jesus Christ came to give us at Christmastime.

Each hour of your days you think thoughts of a thousand things, and I believe that whatever you think today will by natural law come back to you some future day. If you think and sow selfishness, if you refuse to know the joy of giving yourself, then you will reap in later years a bountiful harvest of selfishness on the part of others. If you sow thoughts of envy, resentment and hate, then you may expect at some later day to suffer some illness caused entirely by your wrong thinking. If, however, you sow thoughts of love, if you forget the wrongs done you and pray for those who have hurt you, then you will reap an abundance of love in later years. Whatever we sow in thought and word and deed, we shall reap here on earth as well as in that eternity which is to come.

The greatest joy, the finest happiness, comes when we give happiness to someone else, and every day brings its opportunities. It may be as simple an act as giving a smile to the bus driver,

or a phone call to someone who is ill. It may be no more than helping your next-door neighbor with a household chore, writing a thank-you letter to a radio station for a program you have enjoyed, or giving a fellow employee a pat on the back for a good job done.

These things cost you nothing in dollars and cents but they are ways of giving yourself; and such acts constantly practiced will bring you in return an abundance of true happiness. What you give, you get; and what you hold will be taken away.

How true are these words. I have counseled many couples who began their married lives determined to save every penny—no giving at all in their lives. They refused to have children because they were both determined to hang onto excellent jobs, piling up every cent possible and living a very mean and selfish life. Yet sooner or later sickness

#### HAPPY MOTORIST

by Lorrie McLaughlin

Daddy bought a little car,  
He fed it gasoline;  
And everywhere that Daddy went  
He walked. Our son's eighteen.

and trouble always come to such people. Their miserly savings are soon gone and they are worse off than when they began.

Within every person reading this article lies a store of talents and untold riches. You may be musical, you may like to entertain, you may have an ability to write, to organize—but you possess something which you can give away to provide pleasure for someone else. Even if you think you can't "do" anything, maybe you have a gift for listening, allowing a troubled friend to release her tensions by telling you her problems. Have you ever used these talents for the joy of giving of yourself to someone in need?

How many women possess great skill for fancy work and handicrafts with which they can give joy to others. My own wife has always loved most the little hand-made articles made for her by her friends from time to time. She says they have much more value to her because they are bits of her friends, made with love and given with love. It is never the monetary value of any gift which makes it acceptable, it is the love, the joy of giving that has gone into that gift which shows its real merit.

For many years I have been a member of a service club devoted to boys work. In that club the men who are most to be depended upon to do their share of the work are invariably the busiest men, the ones with much to do in life and not enough time to do it in. Why? Because men like these have learned how to give of themselves, not with any thought of reward, but with love in their hearts and a desire to do something to make life better for somebody else.

The married man who never forgets family birthdays and anniversaries, who never comes home from a business trip without some tiny gift for his wife and children, knows that these are the little things that can make marriage a success—not because of remembrance itself but because in the remembering he gives

something of himself. There would be far less domestic strife if husbands and wives only tried day by day to give themselves in some manner to those they married in love and faith.

When some salesgirl takes great pains to help you, do you ever think of dropping a note to the store commending her? If there is someone in your office who has been a great help to you on many an occasion, have you ever sent that person a little gift to prove you appreciated their help? This is giving yourself away . . . the basic law of Jesus for human happiness.

A Chinese Buddhist girl came for an appointment with me one day after hearing some of my lectures. She handed me a parcel and then went over and made an offering in the box. I asked her why she did this and she said that in her religion she had been taught never to ask for anything without first making a sacrifice to God. To obtain money for the flowers for the altar which were in that parcel and for the love offering she had made, she had walked to and from work every day for six weeks. She had done without lunches also for those long weeks, before she asked God to help her in her trouble.

What about many of us so-called Christians? We ask and we receive, yet how seldom do we give to our church or to God when the answer to our prayers has come—let alone before.

The story is told of a little girl who wanted to give her older sister a birthday gift, but she had no money with which to buy it. So she got an envelope and in it she placed three slips of colored paper, on each of which was written: "Good for two dishwashings. Good for two bedmakings. Good for two kitchen floor scrubblings." This was the best gift that her sister ever received. We need never worry when we want to give and we have no money for a gift, for we can all give extravagantly of ourselves and reap wonderful happiness from such simple givings.

### The Joyous Life

The happiness which I have found in living is like an electric lamp; a 40-watt lamp gives a very ordinary sort of light but a 300-watt lamp inserted in the same socket gives an abundant light—yet those bulbs went into the same power line. So it is with happiness. Some of us are only 40-watters, some of us are 300-watters and yet we all have access to the same source of divine power. The same Kingdom of God is within every one of us; when you learn to give of yourself, you discover that Kingdom and its power. And as you give, so shall you receive.

Mary was a poor peasant girl. Joseph an ordinary village carpenter, yet into that home, poor as it was, came the Christ Child in human form, of Mary's

flesh and blood—the greatest of all wonders—in their humble abode. Today you can have that same Christ Child in your home, modest though it may be. You can have His happiness, His health and His love for the mere asking. The greatest of all mysteries is this giving of Jesus Christ to us, His incarnation in human form.

God gave His Only Son for you, your sicknesses and your sins. Jesus gave Himself, His life blood that you too could be like Him. What have you

given, what would you be willing to give this Christmas season to Him? Yourself?

We are told in the Bible that God made this world a Garden of Eden and I am certain that each one of us would like to live in a world of happiness where there would be no hatreds and criticisms, where life would be one joyous experience as God intended it to be.

Would you not like to live such a life where intolerance was an unknown factor, where no nation, race or creed would be in enmity with another?

Would you not love to see the end of gloom, despair and fear among all nations? You can do your part to bring such an Eden about by first living your own life the Christ way, by giving yourself away at every opportunity . . . by giving of your money, your time and your love for the betterment of mankind.

This is the only way to true happiness. This is the one way to make every day of your life a Christmas Day. So try giving yourself this Christmas. +

## Sing Heigh-ho! for this sumptuous MAGIC FRUIT PUDDING



### MAGIC FRUIT PUDDING

1½ c. seedless raisins  
1 c. currants  
1 c. cut-up seeded raisins  
¾ c. cut-up mixed candied  
peels and citron  
½ c. almonds, blanched and  
halved  
1½ c. once-sifted pastry flour  
or 1½ c. once-sifted all-  
purpose flour  
3 tsps. Magic Baking Powder  
1 tsp. salt  
1 tsp. ground cinnamon  
½ tsp. ground ginger  
½ tsp. grated nutmeg  
¼ tsp. ground cloves  
1 c. chopped suet  
1 c. coarse soft bread crumbs

1¼ c. lightly-  
packed brown sugar  
1½ c. shredded raw  
apple  
1 c. shredded raw carrot  
3 eggs, well beaten

⅓ c. cold coffee

Wash and dry seedless raisins and currants; add seeded raisins, peels, citron and almonds. Mix and sift 3 times, flour, Magic Baking Powder, salt and spices; add fruits and nuts, a few at a time; mix well; mix in suet, bread crumbs, sugar, apple and carrot. Combine eggs and coffee; add to pudding and mix thoroughly. Three-quarters fill greased large pudding mould with batter; cover with wet cookery parchment or with greased heavy paper; tie down. Steam, closely covered, for 4 hours. Uncover pudding until cold, then wrap closely and store 2 or 3 weeks. To re-heat pudding, steam 1½ hours. Serve with hard sauce or any other suitable sauce. Yield: 10 servings.

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Adds new comfort to furniture.

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mouth tissues, by daily use.

AT ALL DRUG COUNTERS

IT TASTES GOOD... IT'S GOOD TASTE

## IT TAKES

# 2

## TO BE A TWO-TIMING BEAUTY

By EILEEN MORRIS, FASHION AND BEAUTY EDITOR

Photos by Paul Rockett

Modern dentists have disowned that old toothbrushing routine—you know, clean your teeth when you get up in the morning, and again before going to bed. The new brushup idea is to clean your teeth immediately after eating, whether morning, noon or night. This more frequent brushing will necessitate two toothbrushes, to be used alternately. And here's a second tip: for extra sparkle in your smile brush and rinse, then brush and rinse again.

Did you know there is a hair shampoo designed to suit every shade, texture and type of hair? No matter which one you favor, always use a double dose. First time, concentrate your energy and lather on the scalp. If you notice a tendency to dandruff, work the suds in with a child's toothbrush. Rinse thoroughly. Second time, give your attention to the hair itself. Finally rinse again and again with a tap spray.

Prevent your nail polish chipping by applying a thin coat in two smooth strokes from the base of each nail to the tip. Let this first coat dry thoroughly, until it is slick to touch. Then apply a second coat, wiping a hairline off each nail tip. It's that beveled edge that gives your manicure a longer life.

When it comes to your foundation base, the two-shade idea is pure magic. Use one shade keyed to your own skin tone for over-all coverage. Consider the second a remodeling shade. Work with this rule in mind: a darker-than-skin-tone make-up base will minimize a feature; a lighter-than-skin-tone make-up base will highlight a feature. A receding chin is given new character by blending a lighter shade along the jawline. A long nose appears shorter if you darken the tip with a darker shade. When you work in this fashion with two make-up bases, be careful to blend the edges with critical care.

A good make-up rule is this—be sparing with foundation base, lavish with powder. Stir powder in the box now and then, so it will stay fluffy. Dip a clean cotton square into the box, and with plenty of powder on it, begin at the throat, pressing the color on with a firm hand, up to the hairline. Turn the cotton over to the clean side, and whisk away any excess with light downward strokes. For a really well-made-up look repeat the process, especially if you do not use a tinted make-up under your powder.

Ever thought of teaming cream and dry rouge? Over your foundation base, apply cream rouge. First blend a smidge in your left palm, then dot this on your cheekbone, fading it out to the temple. Hand-blending keeps the color soft, more natural looking. Finish off as usual with your powder. Then later in the day, or as a during-the-party "lift," add a touch of dry rouge over your first make-up. The two should be in the same color family, but your dry rouge can be a little lighter in tone.

Indelible lipsticks call for special rules in application. However, when applying the nonindelible type of stick, give the color added staying power by flipping a powder puff over the first application, then redoing it. Blot the final coat with tissue—and your lipstick will stay put for added hours.



a



b



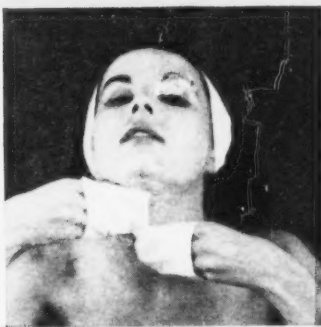
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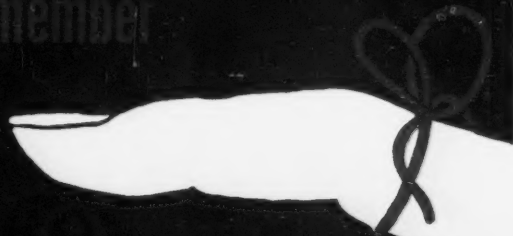
f

a) Blend the cream in your warm hands. b) Pretend your face is divided into two parts, and work on each half simultaneously. Apply cream with equal pressure on both sides. c) Smooth on cleansing cream with up and out strokes, making little circles with your finger tips so the cream really gets to work. d) Using two pieces of cleansing tissue, make a pair of finger mitts. Remove cream round your eyes first, to ensure no grime is rubbed into this delicate area. With one tissue hand holding skin firm, whisk cream off the under eye area in one sweep with your other hand. e) Now remove soil from the rest of your face. Halfway through the job, turn your tissue mitts round to the clean side. f) Don't neglect your throat! Keep it soft and cared-for by treating it as part of your face. To be doubly sure of a clean skin, cleanse all over again. You'll be surprised how much stuff you tissue off the second time round.

Eye make-up is an indispensable part of winter's social life—and is a finishing touch to everyday grooming as well. Apply it with a brush that has been dipped in hot water. Work from the base of your lashes up and out to the tips. Your eyes will look pretty wonderful—but let the mascara dry, apply a second helping at the outer corners—and then look in the mirror! If you are attending a big party, try this eye trick . . . lashes colored with black or brown mascara, the tips outlined in blue or green.

It is good grooming sense to own two mirrors. A well-lighted large mirror on the wall tells you who is loveliest of them all . . . and a magnifying mirror in your hand keeps you that way. With the aid of a magnifying mirror you can really study your skin, checking those first tell-tale signs of flakiness, blackheads or fine lines. As well, such a mirror is a big help when you curve on your lipstick, or apply your eye make-up.

an important fact  
to remember



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important advantages



Look for this  
Seal of Quality







*All hands are busy collecting a dozen each of the seven varieties.*

## COOKIE POOL

BY MARIE HOLMES, Director, Chatelaine Institute

***Every year around this time seven neighbors in one community share their favorite small cakes and cookies to simplify their Christmas baking***

*Club members: Mrs. H. Thomas, Mrs. M. Armstrong, Mrs. J. Norton, Mrs. R. Horton, Mrs. J. Cockburn, Mrs. M. Stuckless, Mrs. C. Bryan.*



With one baking by each woman in her own kitchen, seven women have seven different kinds of fancy cakes and cookies to serve every Christmas. It's as simple as that and lots of fun too, this little community sewing club of Leaside, Toronto, has discovered.

The idea of sharing their individual specialty cakes originated at one of their regular dessert luncheon meetings three years ago. It's been such a success they've kept it up every December since.

"Just think of the shopping and cooking time it saves us," said one of the ladies.

"And we have only the dishes from one mixing and baking to wash," added another club member.

In fact the whole group is so enthusiastic about the cookie pool they want to share their idea with other women across Canada.

Here's how they organize the cookie pool:

Just before the group is to meet, each member makes seven dozen of her favorite fancy little cakes and packs them into a large cookie tin. Waxed paper between layers is a protection.

The filled cookie tin is taken to the meeting held at one of the members' homes.

After the social hour the women gather round the dining room table, open their cookie tins and spread the contents out on cookie sheets or cake racks supplied by the hostess. Then each woman helps herself to one dozen of each of the seven kinds of cookies displayed.

Seldom is there a repetition, the women assured us. But it could be definitely avoided by a discussion at an earlier meeting. That it's easy to have variety is shown by the little cakes brought to the "pool" the day Chatelaine Institute was a visitor.

We photographed the assortment each woman took home in her cookie tin. And we pass along to you the seven recipes generously contributed by the members of this friendly neighborhood club.

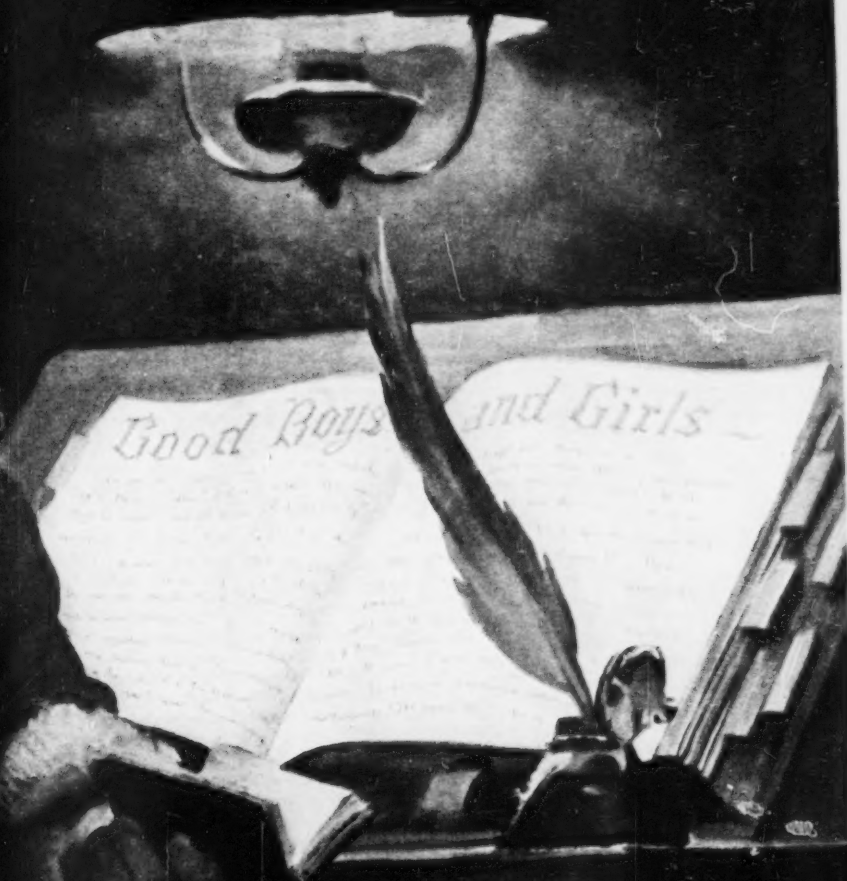
### SHORTBREAD

*Mrs. Reginald Horton*

$\frac{1}{2}$ pound butter	2 cups pastry flour
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup icing sugar	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup cornstarch
Pinch of salt	

Cream butter and sugar. Add other ingredients. Roll thin, cut in shapes, decorate and bake at 300 deg. F. Portions of the mixture can be colored before rolling out, if desired.

*Continued on page 60*



Drink  
*Coca-Cola*

... talk about being good!





# Make it HEARTY

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● KETTLE singing . . . that's the signal for hearty good fellowship with steaming cups of delicious *Instant Chase & Sanborn*!

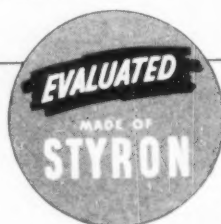
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By PEGGY STROUD

## CHRISTMAS

### HOW TO HAVE AS FEW AS POSSIBLE

Christmas dinner fare is apt to make a big hole in the budget. So it's smart economy to buy only the quantities that will be used nicely. We give you amounts for 6 servings. Calculate what you will need according to the size and appetites of your family.

#### Turkey by Weight

Allow  $\frac{2}{3}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  pound per serving. Or for liberal servings at dinner and an extra meal of cold turkey, buy  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pounds dressed weight per person. (A 10-pound bird will serve 6 for two meals.) But birds less than 8 pounds don't give good value. Half turkeys are more practical for small families.

Select by grade where possible. The Special (purple grade mark) or Grade A (red mark) are both excellent quality. Or look for a plump bird with a smooth unblemished skin and few pinfeathers.

#### Stuffing To Fit

Best bread for light delicious stuffing is 2 to 3 days old. A large loaf of bread makes about 10 cups of fluffy crumbs. Count on 1 cup of crumbs for each pound of turkey. And pack the stuffing in loosely. Otherwise as it swells during roasting it may burst the bird and become heavy and soggy.

#### Just Enough Gravy

Every drop will disappear if the gravy is smooth and appetizing. Measure the ingredients, stir thoroughly and it can't fail. Measure 5 tablespoons of drippings back into the roasting pan. Blend in 5 tablespoons of flour. Add seasoning and then gradually add 3 cups of water or stock from the giblets. Cook, stirring constantly, until thickened (about 8 minutes). Lastly add the chopped, cooked giblets. Do use the giblets—it's so economical. Chop them very finely and everyone will be pleased.

#### Wise Vegetable Buying

Leftover vegetables are tricky to camouflage and much vitamin value is lost. So buy just what you need. Here's a list of amounts to provide 6 servings.

Potatoes	6 medium or 2 pounds
Beets	$1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 pounds
Broccoli	2 bunches or 2 pounds
Brussels Sprouts	1 quart or $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds
Cabbage	1 large head or $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds
Carrots	$1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds

Cauliflower	1 large head or 2 pounds
Hubbard Squash	6 pounds
Spinach	$2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds
Turnips	2 to 3 pounds
Canned Vegetables	2 (15 ounce) cans
Frozen Vegetables	2 packages

#### Not Too Much Cranberry Sauce

Whether it's molded or the kind containing luscious whole berries, 2 cups will serve 6 generously. To make this amount use  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound or 2 cups of cranberries, 1 cup of sugar and 1 cup of water.

#### Made-To-Measure Desserts

Will it be mince pie or steamed pudding for your family? You'll fill a 9-inch crust with  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 cups of tangy mincemeat. (The exact amount depends on the depth of your pan.) If you choose fruit-filled carrot or plum pudding your cookbook is your guide. Recipes vary widely in the number they serve—pick one to fit your group. With the pudding  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups of foamy or brown sugar sauce is sufficient for 6 people. Or make a velvety hard sauce starting with  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup of soft butter. Cream it very thoroughly. Gradually mix in 1 cup of sugar (either fine granulated white or firmly packed brown). Add little by little  $\frac{3}{4}$  teaspoon vanilla and  $\frac{1}{3}$  teaspoon lemon extract. Beat the mixture till light and fluffy. Mound lightly in the serving dish and chill well.

#### Other Dessert Tips

1. Correct estimates are easier if you have made individual steamed puddings or mincemeat tarts. You'll need  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups of mincemeat for 6 individual pies ( $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches in diameter). Remember that more pastry is required for individual pies than for a large pie using the same amount of filling.

2. A whipped cream topping will dress up desserts quickly. You can do it economically, too. Pour off about 1 inch from the top of each quart of milk. One-half cup of this "top of the top" milk whips to enough to garnish 6 servings.

3. Perhaps your family prefers a new-fashioned lighter dessert after the hearty dinner. Tangy jellied fruit is delicious and not too filling. You'll have plenty for 6 by combining  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups of fruit with 2 cups of fruit-flavored gelatine (use 1 package jelly powder).

If ice cream is still the favorite at your house, count on 1 brick to serve 5. This could even stretch to enough for 6—especially if served with rosy cherry or cranberry dessert sauce and Christmas cookies.

By MARION GRAHAM

## LEFTOVERS

### WHAT TO DO WITH THOSE YOU HAVE

How to store leftovers: After your holiday dinner remove the leftover dressing from the bird and store in a tightly covered container in the refrigerator. Pour the gravy into a large glass jar. When reheating the gravy dilute it with a little milk or hot potato water if it's too thick. The turkey itself should be wrapped in aluminum foil, and placed in the refrigerator along with the covered vegetables, gravy and cranberry sauce. These leftovers when properly stored can be made into delicious and appetizing dishes. Try them!

#### CRANBERRY-TURKEY RING

- |  |                                    |
|--|------------------------------------|
| 1 envelope unflavored gelatine                 | 1/2 teaspoon poultry seasoning     |
| 1/2 cup cold mushroom juice (drained from can) | 1 1/2 cups chopped turkey          |
| 1 1/4 cups hot turkey broth                    | 1 small can mushrooms, sliced      |
| 1/4 teaspoon salt                              | 1/2 cup chopped celery             |
| 1 teaspoon onion salt                          | 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper |

Soften gelatine in mushroom juice. Dissolve in hot broth (made from turkey bones). Add seasonings. Chill. When mixture starts to jell, fold in remaining ingredients. Pour into 8-inch ring mold which has been rinsed out in cold water first. Chill until firm. While above layer is chilling, make second layer as follows:

- |                                |                    |
|--------------------------------|--------------------|
| 1 envelope unflavored gelatine | 1/4 cup cold water |
|                                | 1/2 cup hot water  |

For one of your holiday buffets why not use Christmas leftovers in this colorful cranberry-turkey ring? It's tasty with hot muffins.



- |                             |  |
|-----------------------------|--|
| 2 cups firm cranberry jelly | 1/2 cup chopped celery                                     |
| 1/4 teaspoon salt           | 1/4 cup chopped nuts (almonds, Brazil nuts, walnuts, etc.) |
| 1/2 cup chopped apple       |  |

Soften gelatine in cold water. Dissolve in hot water. Turn cranberry jelly into bowl. Break up into small pieces with spoon. Add salt and pour hot liquid over it. Beat with rotary beater until smooth. Chill until mixture begins to jell. Fold in remaining ingredients. Pour on top of turkey layer and chill until firm. When ready to serve, unmold onto platter, garnish with salad greens. Serve with mayonnaise. Serves 8 to 10.

**Note:** Bottom of ring may be garnished with mushroom slices before first layer is placed in mold.

Approved by Chateleine Institute

#### TOASTED TURKEY LOAF

- |                           |                              |
|---------------------------|------------------------------|
| 2 eggs                    | shiraz sauce                 |
| 2 tablespoons flour       | 1/2 cup leftover dressing    |
| 1/2 teaspoon salt         | 1/4 cup chopped onion        |
| 1/4 teaspoon pepper       | 2 cups chopped cooked turkey |
| 3/4 cup hot milk          | 1 loaf unsliced bread        |
| 1 teaspoon Worcestershire |                              |

Beat eggs, add flour, salt and pepper. Blend well. Add milk and cook in top of double boiler until just thickened. Add Worcestershire sauce, dressing, onion and turkey. Cool. Remove crusts from bread. Cut the loaf into 4 slices lengthwise. Spread 3 slices with butter

Continued on page 57

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Jet Plane Can Travel  
One Mile...  
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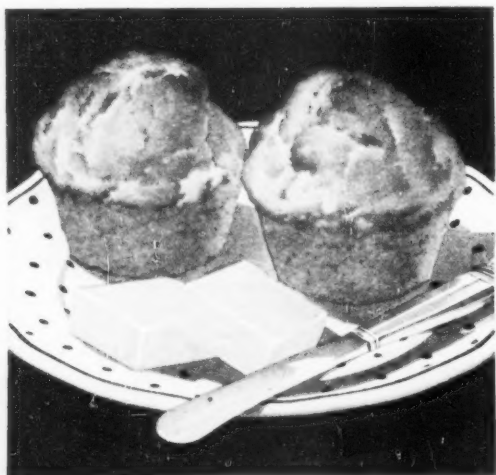




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## SPREADING OUT FOR CHRISTMAS DINNER

By PEGGY STROUD, Chatelaine Institute

*Instead of huddling in a muddle around your dining-room table, why not "spread out" for a truly merry Christmas dinner?*

"Spreading out" is easy. Just use your dining-room table as a serving centre and let everyone seat themselves where they wish. Then there's room to breathe and each bite can be savored as never before. Here is all you have to do to ensure that everything goes smoothly.

### What To Do Ahead of Time

Try out your table setting well ahead of time. It won't take long and it's the only certain way to check appearance and convenience. Display your best cloth and prettiest china, use all your imagination to make your decorations gay and festive. But be practical too. Choose covered dishes for vegetables and gravy to keep them hot.

Serving will be speedy if you arrange foods in their natural order of use. Stack the plates beside the turkey platter. Wonderful stuffing and vegetables, rich gravy, then tart salad, and relishes should follow round in sequence. Serviettes and silver will be last in the circuit. For an extra large group have duplicate services—one on each side of the table. A side table will take care of cups and saucers and a handy second supply of cranberry sauce.

Your guests will enjoy gathering in their own little groups. But it's up to

you to provide a place for everyone to sit. A few will pull up chairs right at the dining-room table. The children will perhaps perch on the stairs to feast. Most of the grownups will take their heaped-up plates back to the living room. So have a good supply of small tables ready for them. Some of the older folks may be happier at card tables.

### How To Serve

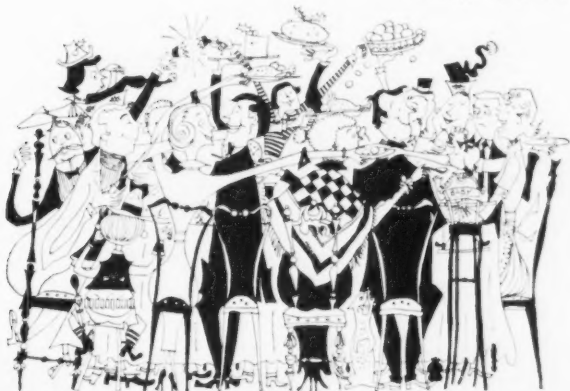
Serving is delightfully simple since for the most part everyone helps themselves. Starting with tomato or cranberry juice cocktails in the living room will give time to put the dinner on the table. And here's Dad's chance to get a head start with his carving.

Enlist the young people's help to look after the demand for second helpings. They can pass the desserts and beverages on trays too. Or if you prefer, these can be picked up from the buffet.

### Between Courses

This can be a danger point. To prevent congestion have only one or two with trays collect the dirty dishes. Someone waiting at the sink can rinse and pile them and they're out of the way in a jiffy.

*Drawings by Harold Town.*



ah! Grand GRAVY  
makes the meal!



Always serve plenty of gravy—that's the secret of really popular meat meals. And with Bisto in your kitchen it's so easy to make the richest, smoothest gravy. Bisto browns, thickens and seasons in one simple operation—no trouble to prepare—perfect gravy made in a moment.

ah! BISTO  
makes grand GRAVY!

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There's a Necchi for every budget and every need—handmade cabinets, beautiful portables—all guaranteed for life! See the amazing Necchi today at leading appliance and department stores everywhere. You can own a Necchi for as little as \$139 and buy on budget terms.

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## for winners in newest OGILVIE Anniversary Contest!



Can you identify  
these birds?



1.



2.



3.



4.

**1<sup>st</sup> PRIZE \$1,000.00**

**2<sup>nd</sup> PRIZE \$500.00**

**3<sup>rd</sup> PRIZE \$250.00**

And 25 additional cash prizes  
of \$10.00 each.

Just write the correct names of the four species of birds on the numbered lines at right — or on a slip of plain paper, using the same identification numbers. Write or print your name and address plainly on your entry. Enclose a box top or reasonable facsimile from any Ogilvie All-Ready Cake Mix, Gingerbread Mix, T-Biscuit Mix, Ogilvie Oats, Ogilvie Vita-B Cereal, Wheat Hearts or Tonik Wheat Germ — or the Guarantee from any bag of Ogilvie Flour. (Clip the Guarantee panel from the side of a paper flour bag or send the Guarantee slip from any cotton bag.)

Mail your entry to: OGILVIE "BIRD CALLING" CONTEST, P.O. Box 9100, Montreal, Que. Entries postmarked no later than midnight January 15, 1952, will be eligible. If all four bird species are correctly identified by more than one contestant, all correct answers will be placed in a revolving drum from which the winners will be drawn in sequence by an editor of *Canadian Home Journal*.

Send as many entries as you like, but no more than one entry for each box top, Guarantee panel or facsimile.

baking results in the oven! Use it for all of your home baking and see how much better it makes your own favourite recipes.

**Enter this easy Ogilvie Contest and win a Big Cash Award!**

It's Contest No. 2 in the Ogilvie 150th Anniversary celebration! It's different — but just as easy to enter and win as the first contest was. No essays to write! Every member of the family can take part.

All you have to do is identify the birds pictured on this page. If you can name them correctly, you may win first prize of \$1,000.00 in cash or one of the 27 other cash awards amounting to an additional \$1,000.00.

Send as many entries as you like! Every bag of Ogilvie Flour and every package of Ogilvie Oats, Vita-B Cereal, Wheat Hearts, Tonik Wheat Germ or Ogilvie All-Ready Mixes you use means another opportunity to enter — another chance to win \$1,000.00.

**Try this new recipe and win new compliments on your baking!**

Write today to Home Service Department, Ogilvie Flour Mills Company Limited, Montreal, Que., for full directions on this easy-to-make Swedish Pastry Ring. Your family will love it!

Be sure to use Ogilvie All-Purpose Flour — the famous superfine flour that is sifted through silk for finer, better-textured bread, cakes and pastry.

Ogilvie All-Purpose Flour is triple-tested — first for wheat quality — then for fineness at each stage of milling — and finally for actual

*Celebrate with*

# OGILVIE

*enter this Anniversary  
contest TODAY!*

## CHRISTMAS LEFTOVERS

Continued from page 53

or margarine and turkey filling, then stack. Butter fourth slice and place butterside down on top of the others. Wrap loaf in waxed paper and chill thoroughly in refrigerator.

Slice crosswise in  $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch slices and place on a lightly greased cookie sheet. Toast under broiler until golden brown on top. Serve at once with leftover cranberry sauce.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

### TURKEY PINWHEELS

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 2 cups biscuit mix                     | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper            |
| 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk               | 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce          |
| 1 tablespoon prepared mustard          | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup leftover dressing      |
| 1 10-ounce can condensed mushroom soup | $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups ground cooked turkey |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt            | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk                   |

Combine the mix and  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup milk to make a biscuit dough. Knead 10 times on a lightly floured board. Roll out into a rectangle  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch thick (about 8 x 11 inches). Spread dough with mustard. Combine  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup mushroom soup with salt, pepper, Worcestershire sauce, dressing and turkey. Spread over dough and roll up as for jellyroll. Cut roll into 6 slices. Place slices on a greased baking sheet and bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes.

Combine remaining soup with  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup milk, heat, and serve over Turkey Pinwheels. Serves 6.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

### POTATO TURNIP FLUFF

Mix together the mashed potato and mashed turnip that are left over from the holiday dinner. About 3 cups of combined vegetables are sufficient. Then mix thoroughly with 1 well-beaten egg,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon nutmeg and seasonings. Pile in a greased baking dish or on a greased cookie sheet and heat in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 30 minutes or until hot and lightly browned. Serves 4 to 6.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

### TURKEY PANCAKES

Make a plain pancake batter. Pour  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup batter for each pancake onto a hot lightly greased griddle. Bake to a golden brown, turning only once. Then mix chopped cooked turkey with a small amount of hot leftover gravy and dressing. Spread baked pancake with turkey mixture and roll up. Secure with a colored toothpick. Serve immediately with hot cranberry sauce.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

### CHRISTMAS SUNDAES

Scoop vanilla ice cream into desired servings. Roll in shredded coconut and top with a green cherry. Place in a serving dish and pour leftover cranberry sauce over the coconut balls. +

Approved by Chatelaine Institute



**BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS  
THEY PAY FOR TB PREVENTION**

*Tuberculosis still kills more Canadians than all other communicable diseases combined. While it strikes at any age, its victims are very often in the parent age group. Yet this disease which causes so much havoc to the home is preventable. To prevent broken homes, buy Christmas seals.*

## CHRISTMAS CANDY

Continued from page 5

### ORANGE-STUFFED DATES OR PRUNES

- |                                      |                                    |
|--------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 2 teaspoons soft butter or margarine | 1 tablespoon orange juice          |
| 2 cups sifted icing sugar            | Dates, or prunes (soaked in water) |

Add 1 cup of the sifted icing sugar to the soft butter or margarine in a mixing bowl. Add the orange juice and blend. Then add remaining icing sugar and mix thoroughly. Cut dates or prunes lengthwise and remove pits. Stuff with fongant mixture. If desired, each date or prune may be topped with a maraschino cherry slice or a walnut half.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

### PENGUINS

Select large, soft prunes and split down one side to remove the pit. Stuff with a marshmallow to form the puffy white front. Use a piece of another prune to form the head. Cut little slots in the head for the eyes and beak. Use small yellow candies for the eyes and a half peanut for the beak. Attach the head to the body with a toothpick or a bit of pipe cleaner. Stick 2 pecans on the lower part of the body to form the feet.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

### QUICK CHOCOLATE FUDGE

- |  |                                   |
|--|-----------------------------------|
| 1 8-ounce package semi-sweet chocolate | milk                              |
| $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sweetened condensed  | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla    |
|  | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts |

Continued on page 58

Every time you cook—



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or pan  
with  
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*a family favorite  
hard to beat*  
spicy rich, piping hot  
**CINNAMON BUNS**



**If you bake at home—  
these are easy to make**

It's bound to be a "Good Morning"—when you serve delicious, hot-and-fragrant Cinnamon Buns for breakfast. They'll win you plenty of praise... made with Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast!

**Full Strength—Goes Right to Work**

Modern Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast keeps for weeks and weeks right on your pantry shelf. It's fast—it's ACTIVE. All you do is:

1. In a small amount (usually specified) of lukewarm water, dissolve

thoroughly 1 teaspoon sugar for each envelope of yeast.

2. Sprinkle with dry yeast. Let stand 10 minutes.
3. THEN stir well. (The water used with the yeast counts as part of the total liquid called for in your recipe.)

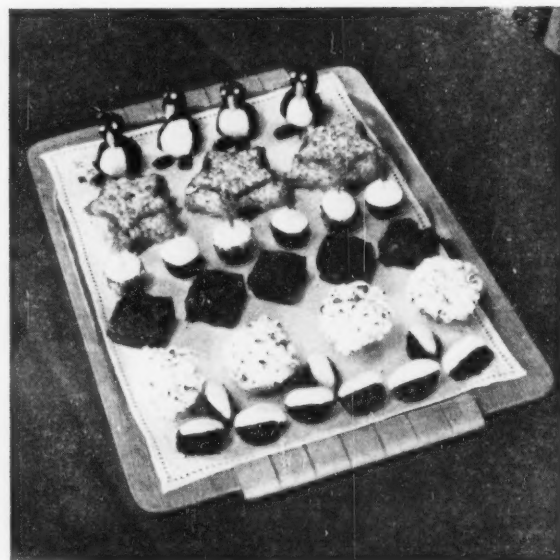
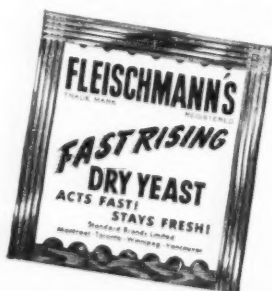
Next time you bake, insist on Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast. Keep several weeks' supply on hand. There's nothing like it for delicious soft-textured breads, rolls, dessert breads—such as all the family loves!

**CINNAMON BUNS**

Makes 2½ dozen

Measure into large bowl  
1 cup lukewarm water  
2 teaspoons granulated sugar  
and stir until sugar is dissolved.  
Sprinkle with contents of  
2 envelopes Fleischmann's  
Fast Rising Dry Yeast  
Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.  
In the meantime, scald  
1 cup milk  
Remove from heat and stir in  
½ cup granulated sugar  
1¼ teaspoons salt  
6 tablespoons shortening  
Cool to lukewarm and add to yeast mixture.  
Stir in 2 well-beaten eggs  
Stir in 3 cups once-sifted bread flour  
and beat until smooth; work in  
3 cups more once-sifted bread flour  
Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl, brush top with melted butter or shortening. Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught. Let rise until doubled in bulk. While dough is rising, combine  
1½ cups brown sugar  
(lightly pressed down)  
3 teaspoons ground cinnamon  
1 cup washed and dried seedless raisins

Punch down dough and divide into 2 equal portions; form into smooth balls. Roll each piece into an oblong ¼-inch thick and 16 inches long; loosen dough. Brush with melted butter or margarine. Sprinkle with raisin mixture. Beginning at a long edge, roll up each piece loosely, like a jelly roll. Cut into 1-inch slices. Place just touching each other, a cut-side up, in greased 7-inch round layer-cake pans (or other shallow pans). Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderate oven 350°, 20-25 minutes. Serve hot, or reheated.



Here's the children's candy display of penguins, krispie stars, marshmallow dips, chocolate fudge, coconut balls and orange-stuffed dates or prunes.

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler over hot water. Remove from heat. Then add milk gradually, stirring constantly. Add vanilla and nuts. Mix thoroughly. Pour mixture into a well-buttered pan and let cool. When firm cut into squares. Makes about 20 pieces.

**Variation:** Combine ingredients as above, then let chocolate mixture cool. When cool enough to handle, roll mixture in small balls with greased hands. Dip the balls in chopped walnuts, almond slivers or colored shredded coconut. Chill before serving.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

**KRISPIE STARS**

- |                                       |                             |
|---------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| ½ pound fresh marshmallows (about 30) | ½ teaspoon vanilla          |
| ¼ cup butter or margarine             | 1 package crisp rice cereal |

Melt marshmallows and butter or margarine in top of double boiler over hot water. Cook for about 5 minutes or until mixture is syrupy. Add vanilla, beat well. Pour marshmallow mixture over cereal in a large greased bowl. Mix together with a large spoon or your well-buttered hands until all cereal is coated. Pack mixture into greased individual star molds. The tighter you pack, the better the star. Chill molds for about 10 minutes in refrigerator. Then loosen edge of star with a spatula and gently force star out of mold. Decorate with brightly colored sugar or cinnamon candies.

**Note:** The marshmallow-cereal mixture can be pressed into a greased shallow pan. When cool, cut into squares.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

**MARSHMALLOW DIPS**

Melt some semisweet dipping chocolate in top of a double boiler over hot water. Stick gaily colored toothpicks in fresh marshmallows and then dip in chocolate, covering all but the top of the marshmallow. If desired, these dipped marshmallows may be rolled in colored or plain desiccated coconut. Chill until firm, then serve with the toothpicks still inserted.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

**POPCORN BALLS**

- |                                       |                           |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| ½ pound fresh marshmallows (about 30) | ¼ cup butter or margarine |
|                                       | 2 large packages popcorn  |

Melt marshmallows and butter or margarine in top of double boiler over hot water. Cook for about 5 minutes or until mixture is syrupy. Then pour marshmallow mixture over popcorn in a large greased bowl. Mix together with your buttered hands until all popcorn is coated. Then form into balls and place on greased waxpaper to firm.

**Variation:** Marshmallow and butter mixture may be colored with a few drops of red or green vegetable coloring.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

**COCONUT PEAKS**

- |                            |                         |
|----------------------------|-------------------------|
| ½ cup cold mashed potatoes | 2 cups shredded coconut |
| 2 cups fruit sugar         | 1 teaspoon vanilla      |
|                            | Few grains of salt      |

Combine all ingredients. Blend well. Form in shapes of peaks and place on greased waxpaper. Let stand 20 minutes to dry. Makes about 20 peaks.

**Variations:**

1. **Chocolate Coconut Peaks:** When dry, dip the bottoms of the peaks in melted semisweet dipping chocolate. Put a drop of the melted chocolate on top of the peak. Then let stand on greased waxpaper until firm.

2. The peaks may be tinted slightly with red or green coloring. Add the coloring with the vanilla and mix thoroughly.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

**PEANUT CLUSTERS**

- |                         |                |
|-------------------------|----------------|
| ½ pound sweet chocolate | condensed milk |
| ½ cup sweetened         | 1 cup peanuts  |

Melt chocolate in top of a double boiler over hot water. Remove from heat. Then add milk gradually, stirring constantly. Add nuts. Mix well. Drop the mixture from a teaspoon onto well-greased waxpaper. Chill in refrigerator until firm. Makes 25 to 30 clusters.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

## HOLIDAY HOSPITALITY

Continued from page 16

### SPARKLING TEA PUNCH

- |                            |                         |
|----------------------------|-------------------------|
| 6 cups triple-strength tea | 1½ cup maraschino syrup |
| 1½ cup lemon juice         | Sugar syrup*            |
| 2 cups orange juice        | 1 quart ginger ale      |
| 4 cups pineapple juice     | Orange slices           |
|                            | Lemon slices            |
|                            | Maraschino cherries     |

Chill tea and fruit juices. Just before serving combine and sweeten to taste with sugar syrup. Pour into punch bowl. Add ginger ale. Add orange and lemon slices and maraschino cherries. Serves 12.

### \*Sugar Syrup

Combine equal quantities of sugar and water. Boil for 5 minutes. Store in covered jar in refrigerator. Use for sweetening cold fruit punch.

Approved by Chateleine Institute

### FROSTED FRUIT PUNCH

- |                            |                         |
|----------------------------|-------------------------|
| 2 cans frozen orange juice | 4 cups grapefruit juice |
| 1 dozen lemons             | Sugar syrup             |
| 4 cups pineapple juice     | 2 quarts ginger ale     |
|                            | Sprigs of mint          |

Add water to frozen orange juice as directed on can. Combine with the other fruit juices that have been chilled. Add sugar syrup to sweeten. Pour into punch bowl, then add ginger ale. Yield: 16 to 20 servings.

*Punch with more punch.* To the above add one to two bottles light sparkling wine after punch is in the bowl.

Approved by Chateleine Institute

### HOT MULLED CIDER

- |                         |                           |
|-------------------------|---------------------------|
| 4 quarts fresh cider    | 1 (2-inch) stick cinnamon |
| OR canned apple juice   | 3 to 4 tablespoons honey  |
| 2 lemons, thinly sliced | 2 oranges, sliced         |
|                         | Whole cloves              |

Pour cider or apple juice in large kettle. Add lemon slices, cinnamon and honey. Simmer gently for 15 minutes. Serve hot in individual pottery mugs or cups. Top each with half slices of orange, studded with whole cloves. Yield: 12 servings.

**Note:** If desired, use brown sugar in place of honey and add a little rum flavoring.

Approved by Chateleine Institute

### To Serve With Punch

**Dutch Lunch Tray**—these should be the heartier foods, either ready to eat or ones that the guests can assemble themselves for sandwiches. On our photographed tray are:

**Salad Rolls.** As a convenient size we chose soft finger rolls, split partway through, lightly spread with butter or margarine. Lay a lettuce leaf inside, then on top a spoonful of chicken, turkey, salmon or tuna fish salad. Garnish each with strips of pimento.

**Bologna Stars.** With scissors cut large thin slices of bologna in four sections within ½ inch of the centre. Fold alternating outside corners toward the centre, fastening with half a toothpick. Centre with an olive stuck on the toothpick. (See photograph on page 17)

**The Chinese Bells** are cut from the ready-sliced Swiss cheese, using a cookie cutter, the little clappers made with bits of green pepper.

Other ideas for a Dutch lunch tray are — sliced ham rolled around dill pickles; French bread slices spread with pimento cream cheese; stuffed eggs, stuffed tomatoes, etc.

**The Dunking Tray**—is for the devotees of bite-size foods that can be picked up in the fingers or spiked with a toothpick and dipped into a spicy sauce. Our assortment includes cauliflowercets, green pepper strips, celery curls, green gherkins, wieners cut in inch pieces, and potato chips. Cubes of luncheon meat

or mild cheese; shrimp and cucumber wedges could also be used.

**For the Sauce**—use chili sauce with a little horse-radish added or a smooth salad dressing combined with chili sauce and a cucumber relish.

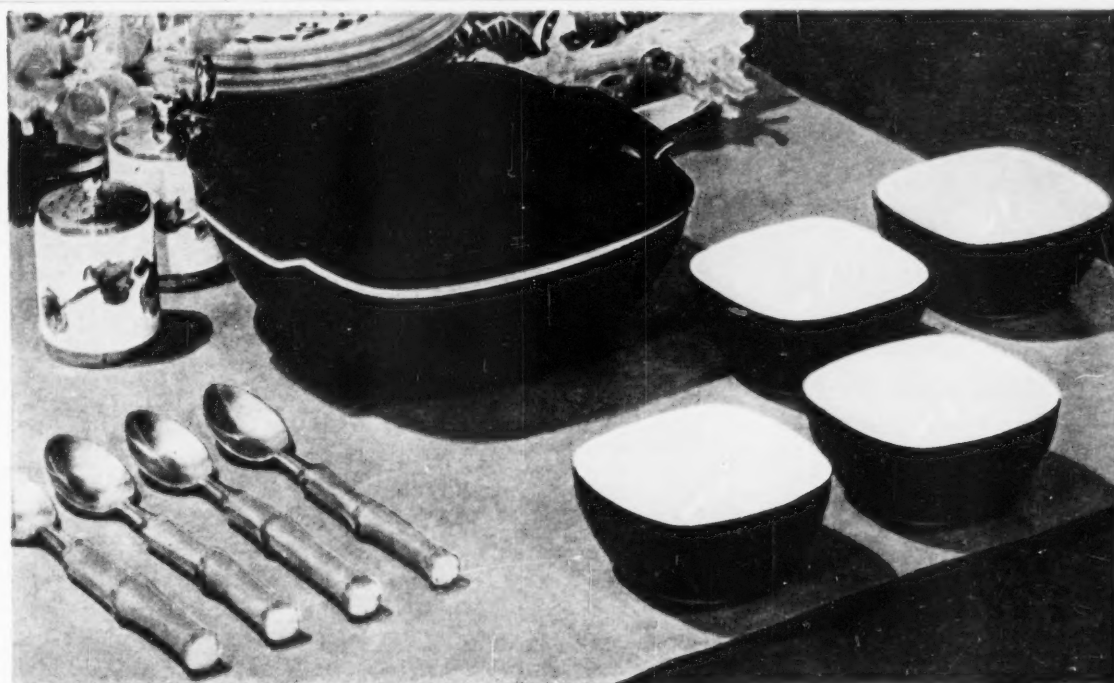
**For The Sweet Tray** choose cakes and cookies with red and green garnishes. Our choice is small cupcakes frosted with 7-minute icing and rolled in coconut, the garnish—a little red candle.

Cherry Cake Fingers look attractive

and are easy to handle. Make the cake yourself or buy it at your bakeshop.

**Marshmallow-Cherry Crackers** are festive and ideal with a beverage. Place marshmallow halves on crackers. Toast lightly in the oven to soften the marshmallow slightly. Remove from oven and press into the marshmallows whole green cherries.

Other ideas are: shortbread, fruited bars or any of your favorite holiday small cakes. Light or dark Christmas cake is always appreciated, too.



## Wonderful, wonderful PYREX WARE is extra smart in COLOR!

IMAGINE THESE beautiful dishes on *your* table . . . they're strikingly designed, vibrant with color, real "show-off" pieces when you're entertaining.

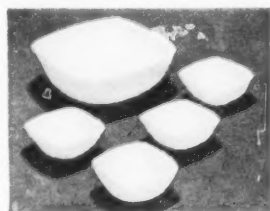
And think of what a joy they are to own . . . for they're honest-to-goodness *Pyrex Ware!*

All of these sturdy beauties go in the oven, then right to the table! Any leftovers? Put your Pyrex Ware dish in the refrigerator, ready to heat up again.

Illustrated above: the new Pyrex Color Ware Casserole Set . . . a 48-ounce casserole complete with cover and four individual dishes (7-ounce size). In gay red or sunny yellow.

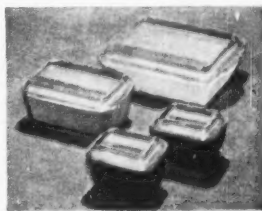
Pyrex Color Ware Casserole Set, complete **\$3.95**

Extra 7-ounce individual dishes **39¢ each**



80-ounce bowl with four 12-ounce dishes. Red or yellow.

Oven-and-Table Set **\$3.95**



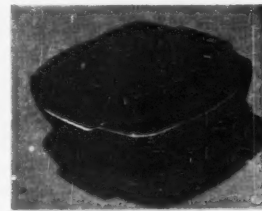
4 gay-colored dishes with clear glass covers. For baking, serving, storing.

Oven-and-Refrigerator Set **\$4.15**



Wonderful mixing bowls to use a dozen ways. A size for every use.

Color Bowl Set **\$4.15**



80-ounce size for buffet suppers. Bake in it, serve in it. Red or yellow.

Covered Casserole  
Medium Size **\$2.75**  
Large Size **\$3.15**



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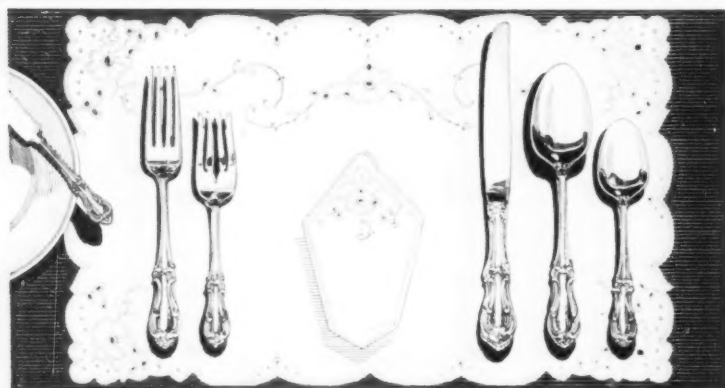
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SILVO...  
especially for silver



D-2

### The Dip and Spread Snacks

Set out on your buffet table bowls, plates and baskets of potato chips, crackers, toast sticks and French bread slices.

Then use colorful bowls for dip-in and spread mixtures. Cheese is ideal for these, but be sure the mixture is soft and spreadable.

Here are some specific recipes for dip mixtures:

#### SNAPPY CHEESE DIP

- |                                   |                               |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 3 (4-ounce) packages cream cheese | 1 tablespoon prepared mustard |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ pound blue cheese   | 2 tablespoons pickle-relish   |
| 1 tablespoon                      |                               |

Combine ingredients. Add salad dressing or top milk for right consistency. Yield:  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups spread.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

#### TUNA FISH DIP

- |                            |                          |
|----------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 small can tuna fish      | lemon juice              |
| 2 chopped hard-cooked eggs | 8 chopped stuffed olives |
| 1 tablespoon               | Mayonnaise or cream      |

Combine tuna fish, eggs, lemon juice and olives. Mix lightly with a little mayonnaise or cream to moisten. Garnish with olive slices. Yield:  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups spread.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

#### COTTAGE CHEESE DIP

- |                                    |                               |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ pound cottage cheese | 2 tablespoons cucumber relish |
| 2 teaspoons grated onion           | 1 tablespoon salad dressing   |
| 2 tablespoons chopped parsley      | Paprika for garnish           |

Sieve cottage cheese, then add remaining ingredients. Pile in bowl, garnish with a generous sprinkling of paprika. Yield:  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups spread.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

#### HAM AND DILL DIP

- |  |                             |
|--|-----------------------------|
| 1 cup minced cooked ham                      | chopped celery              |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped dill pickle | 2 tablespoons mayonnaise    |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely                     | 1 teaspoon prepared mustard |

Combine all ingredients. Serve in bowl, garnished with celery leaves. Yield: 2 cups spread.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

### COOKIE POOL RECIPES

Continued from page 50

#### DECORATED SUGAR COOKIES

Mrs. M. Armstrong

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| $\frac{3}{4}$ cup soft shortening ( $\frac{1}{2}$ butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ shortening) | 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ cups sifted all-purpose flour |
| 1 teaspoon vanilla  | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder       |
| 1 cup granulated sugar  | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt                   |
| 2 eggs, well beaten   | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg (optional)      |

Cream shortening well. Add vanilla and sugar, mixing until creamy. Add beaten eggs. Sift flour, baking powder, salt, nutmeg and add to above. Chill for 1 hour in wax paper. Roll small amount at a time with rolling pin and cut in small thin circles. Bake at 375 deg. F. for 10 minutes, on greased pan. If cookies are very thin, bake only 5 minutes. When thoroughly cold put two cookies together with rich butter icing and cover top well with icing—decorate with colored sugar, cherries, or as desired.

#### FRUIT AND NUT SQUARES

Mrs. James Cockburn

- |                               |  |
|-------------------------------|--|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter      | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla             |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white sugar | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts          |
| 2 egg yolks                   | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped blanched almonds |
| 2 cups pastry flour           | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped glacé cherries   |
| 2 egg whites                  | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup coconut                  |
| 1 6 teaspoon salt             |  |
| 2 cups brown sugar            |  |

Cream butter and white sugar; add egg yolks and fold in sifted flour.

Beat egg whites with salt until stiff but not dry. Add brown sugar and vanilla and mix well. Fold in fruit and nuts. Press first mixture firmly into a shallow greased and floured pan. Spread second mixture on top and bake in slow oven (275 deg. F.) for about 40 minutes. Cut while still warm.

#### COCONUT BALLS

Mrs. J. A. Norton

- |                                |                                 |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 can sweetened condensed milk | 2 squares unsweetened chocolate |
| 2 cups graham cracker crumbs   | Shredded coconut                |

Empty can of milk into large bowl. Add graham cracker crumbs rolled very fine. Add melted chocolate and mix well. Drop a teaspoonful on shredded coconut and roll into ball.

Chill in refrigerator.

#### FRUIT AND NUT BALLS

Mrs. Maxwell Stuckless

- |                               |  |
|-------------------------------|--|
| 1 6-ounce can evaporated milk | chopped 12 marshmallows, cut in pieces |
| 1 cup walnuts, chopped fine   | 12 candied cherries cut in pieces      |
| 1 cup coconut, shredded       | Cornflakes                             |
| 1 cup dates                   |  |

Mix together. Let stand overnight. Form balls, roll in cornflakes.

#### MYSTERY CAKES

Mrs. Chas. C. Bryan

- |                                 |                                      |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ pound soft butter | walnuts                              |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar   | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups brown sugar     |
| 2 cups sifted pastry flour      | 2 tablespoons flour                  |
| 1 cup chopped dates             | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut       | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt          |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped       | 2 eggs                               |

Cream butter, add brown sugar and flour. Blend together. Turn into 9-inch cake tin. Pat evenly.

Combine remaining ingredients and spread on top of first mixture in pan. Bake 40 minutes in moderate oven. When cool frost with butter icing.

#### CHRISTMAS MACAROONS

Mrs. Harry R. Thomas

- |                                  |                                |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 3 cups coconut                   | cherries                       |
| 1 cup filberts                   | 9-ounce package pitted dates   |
| $\frac{3}{4}$ cup pecans (whole) | 1 tin sweetened condensed milk |
| $\frac{3}{4}$ cup red glacé      |                                |

Combine ingredients. Drop by teaspoon on well-buttered cookie sheet. Bake 350 deg. F. about 10 minutes.

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### HOW TO MAKE IT:

Soak 2 tbsps. unflavoured gelatine in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cold water. Add 1 cup hot water to 2 (6-ounce) tins E.D. Smith's Tomato Paste and heat to boiling point. Add gelatine, 1 tsp. salt, 3 tbsps. sugar, 1 tbsps. grated onion. Stir well. Fill nine individual oiled moulds  $\frac{3}{4}$  full. Cool until partially set. Mash 1 (4-ounce) package of pimento cream cheese with a fork and add to remainder ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups) of hot mixture. Beat until blended. Cool. Stir in 1 cup mayonnaise, fold in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped celery and 2 tbsps. finely chopped onion. Put on top of partially set mixture in moulds. Chill until firm. Turn out on large plate, to circle a mound of vegetable, chicken or turkey salad. Garnish with crisp greens.

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## TEEN-AGE FREEDOM

Continued from page 13

straight sex," she says. "They're thinking about the game on Saturday, and the dance next week end, and who's going to be elected Miss Cheerleader, and they're busy every minute of the week. As for the unpopular kids, they're trying to join the gang. They wouldn't risk anything that might lead to school gossip and ruin their chances."

A restaurant owner in North Toronto feels that if any teen-agers are going in for a promiscuous sex life, it's the kids from broken homes who are looking for affection in the wrong places. He says that six or eight young people hang out at his place every evening in the week, drinking cokes and just waiting for the week end when they will pile in an old jalopy and head for somebody's empty cottage at Muskoka for a two-day unchaperoned party. The boys in the party come from broken homes and had to leave school early and go to work; the girls come from homes which might as well be broken, since their parents don't seem to notice whether they're around week ends or not. But the restaurant owner says this crowd is far from typical of the other teen-agers who come and go in his shop and who he thinks find more love and security at home.

Psychologists and educationists, too, find that an unhappy home life and broken families are the main cause of teen-age trouble. "We've had two cases this year of young people in our school who got into bad sexual entanglements," a collegiate principal reported. "Both of them came from broken homes."

Economic status, too, plays an important part in determining teen-age morals. The boy who has to leave school in second year high often abandons all hope of further training, and thus is free when his day's work is over to use his evenings for entertainment and amusement, including sex. The boy who can afford to finish school and has some definite career in mind is likely to postpone his amusements—again including sex—until he has more time for them. On the other hand, of course, the son or daughter of wealthy parents may have too much idle time and start looking for new thrills.

Extreme poverty, crowded housing in slum areas, and illiterate neighbors, all join up to weaken an adolescent's morals, and the girl who "hangs out on the corner" of a summer evening because she hasn't any recreational facilities (or the pocket money to find them) is more apt to wander into trouble than her classmate who belongs to the local tennis club and can entertain her classmates in a nice home.

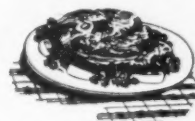
Even home entertainment, of course, raises the touchy problem of how late a teen-ager should be allowed to stay out. In many large cities youngsters now start dating as early as twelve or thirteen, with week-end movies or house parties. (A house party, in today's vernacular, means an evening party in a home, not a week-end party.) By the time they're fifteen and sixteen, they're branching out to dance halls and auto rides, and the arguments about late homecomings reach their peak.

The principal of one collegiate told me that it's fashionable at his school

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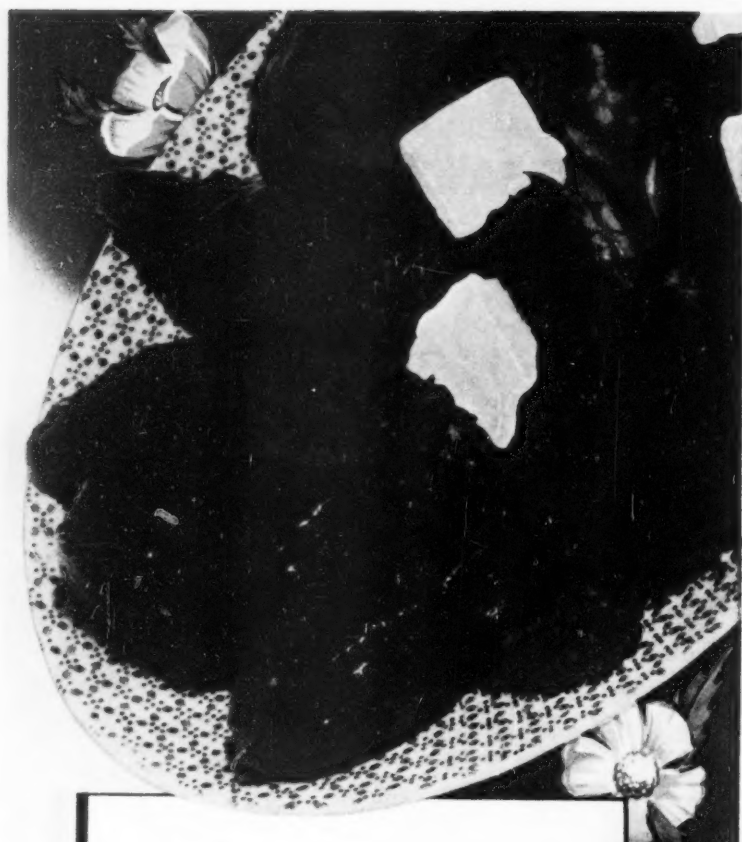
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to pass up the refreshments that are served at the Friday night school dance, and head downtown for Chinese food. This means that young people don't get home for a couple of hours after the dance.

"As for our annual prom, it starts about 9 and ends at 1 a.m.," the principal added. "But today a student isn't in the swim if she isn't invited to a coffee party before the prom and a breakfast party after it. This brings the young people home in the early hours of the morning. Some of the parents don't like it, but what can the school do—step in and supervise each student's personal social life?"

He felt that what was needed was a bit of parental authority and a bit more thinking on the part of fatuous parents who obligingly open up their homes at 2 a.m. for a teen-age party. However, even if there is no party-after-the-party, apparently no teen-age date is complete unless it's finished off by an hour or so in a favorite restaurant. Parents may take what solace they can from the fact that it's a thousand to one their adolescent sons and daughters are drinking nothing stronger than milk or coke during such all-hours sessions.

What to do about the late hours problem? Parents who have successfully coped with the situation say they insist:

*First:* That their teen-agers inform the family where they're going, and with whom, and for how long (approximately).

*Second:* That if they can't be in at the specified time, they must phone home and explain why.

The once-innocent house party is also under fire these days, now that it's the fashion in some teen-age circles for the parents to get out for the evening and leave the entire house to the young people. One mother hit the roof when her sixteen-year-old daughter suggested brightly, "Why don't you and Daddy go to Aunt Mary's for the night and let us have the place to ourselves? You're mean if you don't."

Other adolescent party-givers insist on turning out all the lights so that their young guests can dance romantically in the dark.

How significant of teen-age morals these requests are seems to depend on whether you are fifteen or fifty. For instance, when I mentioned them to an elderly schoolteacher, he sighed, "Oh for the time when I was vile as they!"

On the other hand, a couple of eighteen-year-old high-school alumni dismissed the subject with a grin. "So they're dancing in the dark—what of it? It's a fad. High-school kids are full of fads."

Another teacher agreed with the fad theory and said comfortingly, "They'll grow out of it." In the meantime, he suggested, "If the kids are organized, why don't the parents organize?" For instance, if a group of parents agreed among themselves that 1 a.m. should be the official getting-in time from the Saturday night dance, and that the house parties were to be given with parents in the house (although in the background) with lights on, then that's the way it would have to be, rant and rail as their adolescent sons and daughters might.

One group of parents did get together to discuss the topic of parties in the home, through the Home and School association of Forest Hill Village, a

Toronto suburb. The subject was also debated by grade eight students (average age at this school, 12 to 13) and when results were compared the viewpoints of parents and students were surprisingly close. For instance, parents felt that 10.30 to 11 was late enough for youngsters of this age to party, while the youngsters themselves voted for only a slightly later closing hour. And it was unanimous that the teenager and his or her parents should be joint hosts at house parties.

The youngsters said that while they don't like their parents running their parties, they do like them "in and out and around" during the evening. They like planning the party with their parents beforehand, and discussing how it went with them afterward.

One 13-year-old hugged her mother after a particularly successful evening



## TO YOU KNOW WHOM

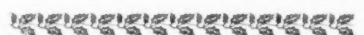
Would that some power

the gift would gie 'em

To see their gifts

as others see 'em!

—Lotta Dempsey



and said, "I think it got off to a good start when you and Dad were right here looking nice and welcoming the kids. And then at the end of the party when you came in and said good-by to them, I think they liked that."

On the subject of sex the reaction of parents is usually one of concern while the attitude of teen-agers is "What of it?"

"Aren't we growing up?" one girl asked me. "Isn't it natural we should be interested in the opposite sex?"

Psychologists say it's perfectly natural. A child starts out as a baby by loving its mother; develops into the toddler who loves both his parents and all his playmates; and goes on from there to select a "pal" or "best friend" to be his inseparable comrade. Then the child reaches the stage for crushes and hero-worship; and so at last—usually in the middle teens—comes to the threshold of normal, heterosexual love for the opposite sex. "Taking out a girl" or "going out with boys" is the first demonstration a parent has that a child's sexual interests are developing normally, and ought to be a cause for joy, not worry.

The parent who has already built the framework for a healthy adult sex life, by informing his children of the facts of life in a straightforward manner, free of embarrassment or "shame," can go on from there at this point. In friendly words, perhaps introduced by some such phrase as "I remember when I was sixteen myself . . ." he can perhaps find the psychological moment to throw a bit of light on his adolescent's somewhat confused state.

He can explain that while a boy or girl's teen-age body is fully mature and physically ready to reproduce its species, neither one is ready for a sexual life, not having chosen a mate, not being ready for marriage, and having years of study still ahead.

Parents can point out the immense

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responsibilities that come with irresponsible love-making, the need for control, the dangers of giving in helplessly to impulse. They can warn their adolescent children of the dodges and subterfuges, the perpetual game of hide-and-seek that inevitably accompany any illicit love affair and which are sure to turn something lovely into something shameful. They can explain how a girl, simply because she is a girl, is apt to throw herself into love emotionally as well as physically, so that when it peters out she is left lonely and betrayed and vulnerable to the next newcomer who promises understanding. And how a boy may be left with long-lasting feelings of guilt toward the "nice girl" he argued into an affair, and then deserted.

Finally, parents may be lucky enough to be able to point out to their children the joy and freedom of their own happy married sex life, as opposed to the insecurity of the back-seat sex-life of most unmarried couples who indulge in married intimacies.

To sum up, if there were any rules for helping Canada's million-and-a-half teen-agers over the difficult years from twelve to twenty, they would be:

1. Know what you believe and live by your beliefs so that your children will absorb some of your values.

2. Work to build up a good relationship with your youngsters, based on trust, responsibility, personal respect and love, so that they can turn to you for help when they need it. (But don't count on them turning—that's their privilege to accept or reject.)

3. Try to understand some of the special problems that face teen-age youth today. Realize that they, too, feel some of the general insecurity that the whole world feels today. Remember that times have changed and values are not so clear-cut as when you were young.

4. Permit your teen-ager whatever amount of freedom you decide on, and then stick to it. (Young people are bewildered by parents who allow one thing one day and forbid it the next, depending on their mood.)

5. Lay down certain rules—preferably after a family discussion—and insist on them being followed. If they can't be followed, know why. Give your teen-age children the security of knowing that your adult strength and knowledge and control and understanding are at all times theirs for the asking.

If that were all there is to it, anyone could hang up a sign and go into the business of guiding teen-agers up the steep years to adulthood.

But there's more to it than that. The old are the old, with their experience and disillusion, and the young are the young, with their adventurous yearnings and stubborn idealism. Even the best parent-child relationship in the world isn't going to bridge that barrier easily.

A well-known doctor and psychologist recently came upon one of his teen-age patients working on an intricately designed scarf, in the middle of which she had embroidered "I'm a Stranger Here Myself." He felt that those five little words perfectly expressed the bewildering position of the teen-ager, no longer a child, not yet a man, but suspended between the two.

And so the best advice for both teen-agers and their worried parents would seem to be: Relax. This too will pass away. +

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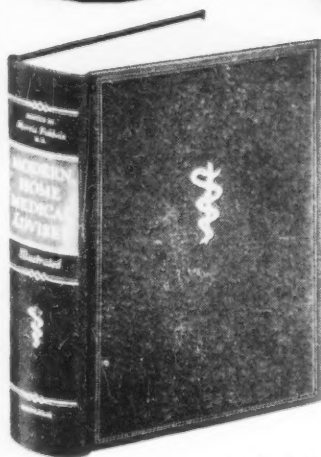
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## I CAN SEE AGAIN

Continued from page 18

came home, and mother was making a cup of tea. Suddenly, I caught sight of her hands, and the sight overcame me.

They looked so wrinkled, so old, so work-worn. These are the hands, I thought, that have done so much for me, soothing my forehead when I was distracted with pain, silently stroking my arm.

I grabbed her two hands in mine, I remember, and cried.

People are always asking me what the world looks like to someone who hasn't seen it for 16 years.

It looks *worried*.

I'm just beginning to be able to make out people's features again, and I'm astounded at the number of furrowed brows I see around me.

### I Can Tell Time Again

Sometimes I feel a little like Rip Van Winkle. I should be prepared, of course, for the changes the years have brought about in my friends and relatives. They've been described to me. But still, in my mind's eye, I've cherished my original pictures of them.

Playmate of my childhood, friend of all the years since, my brother Chris is now 36. In my mental snapshot album he has remained a boy of twenty, and I just couldn't get over the change from shock-headed youth to grown man with retreating hairline. I've made many friends in these sixteen years. I know them by their voices, their step, but now I'm discovering what they look like. For some reason, I'm not nearly so curious about myself. I found out that I got only a blurred outline when I first glanced in a mirror, and I've never bothered much about what I look like since. Still do my hair without looking, as I've been doing all these years.

For the first time in 16 years I can tell the time. I've stopped falling up and down curbs, and I can see for myself the number of our house on Inman Avenue in the Vancouver suburb of South Burnaby—3607.

And this summer, on a trip East, I saw the Rockies and Niagara Falls. *Saw* them. Me! I still can't believe it.

Niagara Falls was overwhelming to me, not so much because of the tremendous rush of the water, but because in the mist above the Falls I could actually see a rainbow form. It made me weak at the knees.

### Still in on Everything

I'm grateful beyond expression for this gift of sight after 16 years.

But I was never, in any sense, "cut off from life."

In many ways I think that I only began to live in those far-off days when my brothers and sister started to tease me about "seeing things."

Oversolicitous, tactless people I met early in my affliction would click their tongues sympathetically, and say, "You poor dear—so young too!"

They would make hissing asides about the tragedy of it all, and I would listen in wonder, and sometimes be hurt. Few people comprehend how harshly the word "blind" grates on the ears. If only they would say, "He has very poor sight," for even if you can only dis-

tinguish day from night, you can still see. You're not blind. Blind is such a final, cutting word. Blind means total darkness.

So often sighted people assume a "blind" person has also lost his other senses. They will talk about you in the third person as if you weren't present ("Does your daughter take sugar in her tea?" they'll ask, leaning across you to say it); and they invariably raise their voices as if you were also deaf.

Granted I was learning to live in a new world, but my new world didn't exclude the old. Or rather the old didn't exclude me.

My family and friends treated me just as they always had. They knew that I couldn't have stood it if they had "made allowances."

It had always been open house at our place, the small rooms bulging with big enthusiasms, and that didn't change. My two brothers, my sister and our friends still went hiking up Lynn Valley, and I still crossed the creek with them on stepping stones.

What dreadful teases they all were! At mealtime they would swipe things off my plate, take my plate away just as I was aiming my fork, and leave me jabbing at the tablecloth. They were wonderful!

### I Saw "Pollywogs"

I did everything I could for myself, my own washing, my own ironing. I could feel the wrinkles, and I could tell where the iron was by the heat approaching my hand.

I was president of our church Young People's Association for two years, while I was blind, and song leader for I don't know how long.

But all these things happened gradually. In those first months I had all I could do to withstand each day's pain to learn life all over again, to develop my sense of touch until my fingers became my eyes.

Up until my illness my life was that of any other Canadian youngster. I was christened Muriel, but no one has ever paid any attention to it. I've always been Muriel to my friends.

We all went to Inman Avenue public school in South Burnaby, and snacked out of our evening chores to play basketball and baseball.

Summers we went to Crescent Beach, and I can't remember when I didn't know how to swim.

I was in my third year at Burnaby South High when I had to have my appendix out. It was abscessed, and I was very ill.

A year after I came out of hospital, I began to have trouble with my eyes. The poison from the abscessed appendix had settled in the fluid at the back of my eyes—but no one knew that then.

When I complained that I could see spots in front of my eyes, everyone thought I had a sluggish liver. I took liver pills, but I still saw spots. They began to look like black spiders. My "seeing things" became a family joke and I can remember my sister's beau teasing, "You and your pollywogs!"

Then one morning in the fall of 1935 I woke up, opened my eyes—and couldn't see a thing.

I'll never forget it. It was as though a heavy curtain had come down over my eyes.

Continued on page 66



## Start of a Beautiful Friendship

**Y**OU can't say that Canadians don't know a good thing when they see it. Just look at the number of Buicks on Canadian highways today.

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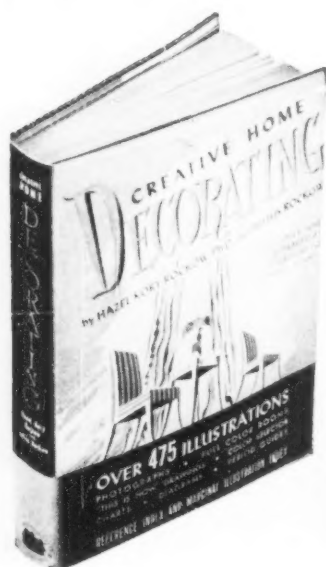
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Continued from page 64

I just remember saying, "Oh Mum, Mum—I can't see!"

Mum and Dad took me to an eye specialist that very day. He didn't say much except that I'd have to go to hospital for further examination. I didn't know it then—mercifully—but that hospital was to become my second home. Through the years I was to spend months and months in its white wards before I'd had all 24 of my operations.

Those first seven weeks in hospital were a nightmare. One specialist wanted to take all my teeth out; another said it was my tonsils, another my feet. Finally they did take out my tonsils, but next day my blindness was worse if anything—I couldn't even tell whether it was night or day.

I was very ill that morning. But strangely I never had a moment of fear or panic. I accepted the fact that it might be bad for a day or two. But only for a day or two.

The days lengthened into weeks. The doctors finally agreed that the cause of my trouble was poison created by the abscessed appendix, but they could not relieve it.

Those weeks marked the dividing line between my two worlds.

For example, I used to flounder around on my breakfast tray trying to find the sugar, but because both were in shakers I'd usually get the salt.

I stopped taking sugar in my tea. I have never taken it since. My adjustment had begun.

Finally, after nearly two months I went home; but for months more I had treatments—sweat treatments, sun lamp treatments, chiropractic treatments. Every day that winter mother and I would walk the cold, icy mile to the chiropractor's and back, to save car fare.

For three years all treatments were unavailing and for a long time I stopped going to doctors. I could distinguish between light and dark, but that was about all. It was like looking at life through a mud puddle.

Then one day our minister took me to see a prominent young Vancouver eye specialist. I'm sure that God led him to do it. I've been going to this doctor ever since, and his understanding has never failed me.

In that first interview he said immediately that in addition to my original trouble, I now had cataracts on both eyes.

That really floored me. I felt that I faced a mountain.

**You "Feel Things"**

The basic trouble, the specialist said, was still in the fluid at the back of the eye, which was cloudy, instead of clear. He called this condition uveitis. However, he decided to remove the cataracts

and back I went to the hospital. I had nine operations altogether. In the hospital for a week, home, back to surgery again. But somehow I felt hopeful and confident. I was always conscious and I used to sing hymns to myself on the operating table.

By this time, I had gone down to 105 pounds, which was pretty skinny for my five feet six and one half inches, and the doctor felt that I should just concentrate on getting built up again. "We'll just let nature take its course for a bit," he said.

Removal of the cataracts didn't help my sight any, but I grew stronger and my adjustment became more rapid. The hardest thing of all, I found, was to feel that I was completely dependent on others to take me anywhere. And I hated having to ask someone to cut up my food. I had to learn to remember where I had put every single article of my clothing, or risk making a nuisance of myself having other people find them.

My hearing grew keener. I got so that I could tell when I was walking past a building. It sounded different. I began to be able to recognize people by their step, to judge their height from the level of their voices.

Of course I made mistakes. I walked into more doors and cupboards than I like to remember. But somehow you get to "sense" an obstruction in your path. You "feel" things instead of seeing them.

If I managed to accept my sightlessness, my family went on better. I was in on everything and they'd even forget to such an extent that they'd bring me snaps to look at.

Through the Canadian National Institute for the Blind I learned to type and do leatherwork, making belts, braces, and billfolds, and these things brought me both pleasure and profit. But one of my greatest godsend came when I was twenty-two and Winnie Shaughnessy, a piano teacher who lived beside us, asked me if I'd like to learn to play.

**—Then Darkness Again**

Would I? There had never been enough money for lessons and here was someone offering them—for free.

Winnie read me the notes, and I memorized them. The first piece I ever learned was the Moonlight Sonata. I can remember the thrill now as I felt the music swelling under my fingers.

It changed my whole life. I played for family singsongs, at weddings, in the lonely hours.

Gradually, gradually, the sight began to return to my left eye. I could distinguish shapes and colors. Finally I got so that I could read the print on billboards. The doctor said my uveitis was "curing" itself.

And then at best—I was finally able

On page nine of this issue Albert Cliffe says:

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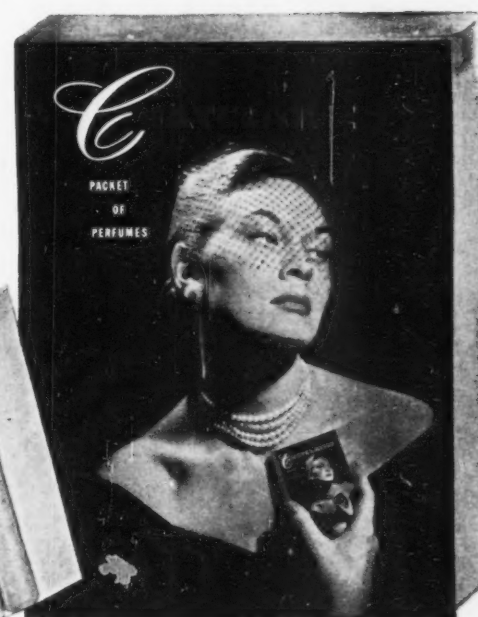
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to have glasses fitted for my left eye.

I felt so much better that I got my first job at Boeing Aircraft plant in Vancouver. The thrill of my first payday! I bought a coat—the very first thing I had ever been able to buy for myself with my own money.

But I had been at the job only about six weeks when I got home one night and found I couldn't see the steps in front of the house. I wasn't worried. I just thought that my glasses needed changing.

In the small hours of the next morning I got a dreadful headache like nothing I had ever known. The same day I was back in hospital.

It seems that I had developed glaucoma, which the dictionary calls "an insidious disease of the eye, marked by increased tension within the eyeball, growing dimness of vision..."

This had nothing to do with my original trouble. It can happen to people with perfect vision. In my case it was just something extra. My doctor felt as badly about it as I did. And that was pretty bad. I really know now what it is to have something right within your reach and to have it taken away again.

I didn't go back to work for six months, during which I had 10 operations. For days, even for weeks, I would be doing fine, and then bingo—the pain would hit me, and back I'd go to hospital. Once, for two weeks, I was in surgery every day.

There's no describing the agony I suffered. I couldn't bear the least vibration. I used to think of the joke about "There's that cat stamping around again." But it was no joke. I literally couldn't stand my little Boston bull, Tiny, pad-padding over the floor.

No sedative had any effect. I would just lie on the chesterfield, my hands opening and closing, my feet drumming up and down, until finally I fainted from the pain.

People have asked me if I ever thought of suicide. I didn't. Not for a moment. I always felt somehow that it couldn't go on forever.

### CHRISTMAS ROSE

*Continued from page 15*

a grove of Scotch pines. It was the old Geller cottage and no one had lived there for a decade.

Timothy walked so slowly she had time to fasten the gate and reach the small porch before he drew abreast of it. The weathered old door shot with a smart click of its new lock. Timothy did not pause but found the stub of a cigarette in his pocket, lit it, and quickened his pace. Simon raced ahead to meet the assorted dogs frisking around the station. He paused once to look back, waiting for Timothy to whistle, but when he did not the dog rushed off to start a mock-battle.

Timothy carried his parcel to the side of the one gas pump on the one street of Chanceport and there he opened it, turning pages hurriedly. He found a diagram of a box similar to the one in the field, but it had an extension cord running into it and a bulb in a wire guard. How in time could he run an extension cord half a mile? He couldn't

It didn't. But even though in that September of 1945 I was able to take a job in a canning factory, where I'm still employed, I had a lot of terrible moments ahead of me. I managed to work for six months, then after two more operations I worked for a year. But eventually that almost constant pressure on my left eye began to wear me down. Finally my doctor suggested something he had warned me of before—that I have the left eye removed in the hope that it would strengthen my other eye.

It was quite a decision for me to make.

Through all the years I had clung to the hope of one day using both my eyes again. And supposing his theory of strengthening the other eye didn't work? However, I'd come to the point where I felt "Anything, anything, rather than this."

In July, 1948, I went back to hospital for my last operation. I lost my left eye, and acquired Wilbur. Wilbur is my plastic eye. My real eye is greyish blue, with brown flecks, and Wilbur just matches. What's more, he moves with my right eye, and looks so natural that people are always mistaking him for my real one.

He's a source of great trouble to me—I'm always losing him, mostly under the bathtub—but I wouldn't be without him.

I was back home in five days. The doctors and nurses seemed to think it was some kind of miracle, but I know that it was because of the prayers that went up for me.

After two weeks' holiday I went back to work.

A year later my eye and my body began to grow stronger. I could just feel it.

Slowly, so slowly that in two or three months I noticed little difference, my sight improved.

The lights looked a little brighter—the curtains were gradually parting.

Another twelve months, and I got glasses. Ever since, my sight has continued to clear. One day soon I may have perfect vision in my right eye, but for sixteen years I was what the thoughtless call blind. +

and it was too late to move the box and its content.

He was walking up the middle of the road when a car honked him out of the way and the driver civilly asked him if he wanted a lift. He didn't. Tired as he was he clung still to the angry intent to be indebted to no one for anything, not even for so much as a lift. No one was angry with him about it any more. They had stopped bothering him. For years after Anna had left Chanceport the day before their wedding the matrons for miles, and a good many of the men also, had preached, scolded and teased him until they found that they could say what they pleased to no avail for he was safe behind a wall of polite unfriendliness.

Everyone knew something about him and most people knew he was honest, thrifty, neat, spoke ill of no one, drank nothing stronger than beer on a hot summer's day, and frequented no questionable places. Although he was not handsome nor tall, there was a quiet strength in his face with the Indian-like nose sharply disrupting the smooth contours. The gay-eyed girls he ignored

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completely; others he treated with such icy deference as might be flattering or insulting. Anyway they shied away from him and he was amused to find himself a character at the ripe old age of thirty-five. He avoided most those who felt they understood him, and with those who gave him the most latitude he formed not so much a friendship as a truce with his own loneliness.

As he passed the Geller cottage with its clean windows and plume of grey smoke he wondered why the woman had come to Chanceport. There were two schoolteachers already and the sawmill was not exactly the place for a woman, certainly not for one with such a delicate look, such a dignified bearing.

Nearing home Timothy met Lloyd Scott, a fat and jovial farmer who prospered with eleven children and a wife as fat and good-natured as himself. "Haven't seen you for weeks, Tim! Working in the bush this winter?"

Timothy had intended working at a camp as usual and he didn't know just when or how his mind had been changed but it had. "Think I'll get a job cutting ice at the lake for Pete." He offered Lloyd his mashed packet of cigarettes.

"Seen the new woman in Chanceport? One with that red sort of hood?"

"Passed her this morning," Timothy said, cupping his hands over the match.

"Name's Karen Salter. Leased the old Geller place. Funny thing, a woman like that coming out here just as winter's setting, snubbing everybody. Keep wondering how she earns her living."

Everyone in Chanceport had to earn a living. Even the Torrison's who came to live each summer in the big house

on the Mirasheen Road, who paid Timothy handsomely to turn five wild acres into a garden, even these had means of support for they owned most of the land around Chanceport as well as half the lakeshore with its colored string of summer cottages.

"Maybe she enjoys her own company," Timothy said sharply.

Lloyd rapped a hammy fist lightly on Timothy's arm and wheezed merrily. "Like someone else I know," he said and stamped away chuckling to himself.

In the summer months Timothy lived in the three rooms over the double garage, but as soon as the Torrison's moved back to their city home he moved his few possessions into the big white kitchen and the large bedroom over it. These he kept cosy with a coal fire in the kitchen range but the rest of the large house remained icy and closed. He put the kettle forward to boil and made his rounds to see that doors and windows were locked, removed two books from the pyramid the Torrison's left behind them every summer and returned to the kitchen. He had cooked bacon and eggs and eaten before becoming anxious about Simon. He often remained away until the moon came up, but as it grew colder and more still he came romping home, tired and hungry.

As he turned the pages of the books he waited for the deep "Woof!" at the door. He looked again at the book he had brought from the post office and scratched his head thoughtfully. What could he use in place of the bulb and

*Continued on page 72*



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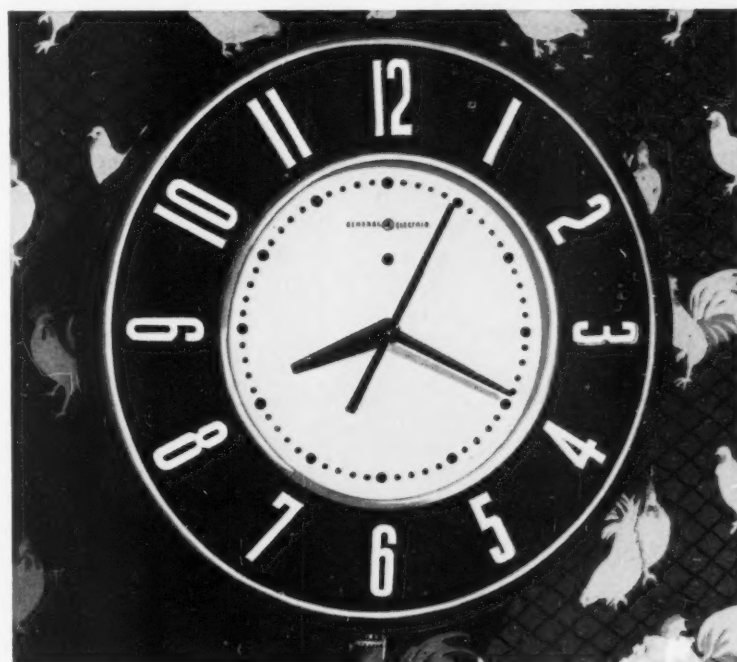
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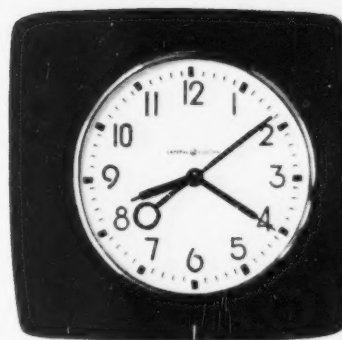
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Continued from page 69

extension cord? He fell asleep thinking about it and woke at five in the morning to hear the phone in the cold hall shrilling. It had been snowing steadily for two hours. He had better, he was told in a sleepy voice, get the plow onto Five before it closed altogether.

"Have you seen Simon?" he shouted but the receiver clicked. He limped back to the kitchen, grimacing for his left foot was still asleep. The snowplow was kept in the lean-to beside the garage. Timothy drank a mug full of hot coffee, pulled his earflaps down and, with his thermos in the little pack he always carried, went out. There was no sign of Simon, no friendly bark nor paw print in the snow. Perhaps he had decided to spend the night in the station rather than trek through the downy stuff that was coming down with relentless steadiness.

The snowplow snorted and chugged down the road, filling the ditch on either side with white down. Well, the box would be safe under snow except from mice. What would forestall the mice and what would be a good substitute for a light bulb in a wire guard? A pile of hot coals? No. First too hot then too cool. Something steady and not too warm.

From Highway Five to Nine and down to the bridge where he met Benny Awde driving the other plow. They

shared coffee and drove back along side roads. It was past ten when he arrived at the Mirasheen Road to see Karen Salter walking toward him with Simon in her arms.

"Found him down by the little river back of the cottage with his paw in a trap," she said quickly as Timothy took Simon from her. The red tongue rasped across his unshaven jaw. Her black coat was white with Simon's long hairs.

"I was just going to start hunting him," he said, trying not to stare at her. "I couldn't while this stuff was piling down. Mighty good of you, carrying him so far." The words came stiffly from his throat and a scarlet flush swept up to his ears. "I'd like to repay you . . ."

"I hope he'll be all right," she said firmly and turned away. "He is a nice dog," she added without turning back and he watched her go, feeling like a fool because he could think of nothing to say to keep her nor how to repay her for carrying Simon home. He trudged up to the house and gave Simon a bowl of warm milk, then looked at the injured paw. Simon whined. Why had she gone off like that without stopping even to brush the hairs from her coat? He forgot he had been doing somewhat the same for nearly six years. He wondered if anyone would tell her about

Continued on page 78

**Banjo Bunny.** Here's something to hold the small fry spellbound by the hour. This Banjo Bunny while wholly plastic has a musical ear. Wind him up and he beats time to the music he plays on his banjo by wigwagging his head and looking very soulful. The hand actually strums to the tinkling of notes. Price about \$1.75



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Only Westinghouse makes the "Laundromat"  
... last word in automatic laundry equipment  
... so versatile and efficient... so smooth  
in operation that it needs no bolting down.

Whether you wash once a week or every day  
... big loads or little loads... blankets, linens  
or lingerie... you just leave the whole job to  
your "Laundromat". Let your Westinghouse  
dealer show you its many features.

**YOU CAN BE SURE...IF IT'S  
Westinghouse**

Westinghouse Presents: The DON WRIGHT CHORUS and JOHN FISHER, Sundays at 6 P.M., E.S.T.



In nationwide independent survey, folks of all types were asked:

**"What lighter do you want for Christmas?"**

...and 75% said:

**"The lighter I want is a**

**RONSON!**

WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER



When you give a Ronson, it's sure to make a hit. Independent surveys prove it!

Students and brides, executives and hostesses, dads and moms, folks in general, said: "The lighter I want is a Ronson!"

So what are you waiting for? Choose a Ronson...the genuine, the original, the incomparable...the world's greatest lighter!

And remember...all lighters work best with Ronsonol Fuel and Ronson Redskin 'Flints.'

Look for the **RONSON** name on the lighter!

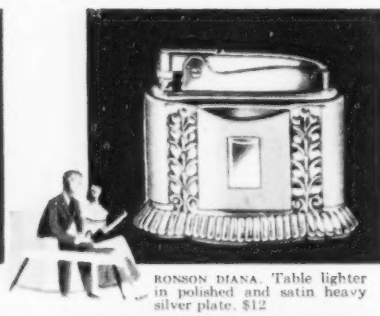
For those who are given or who buy a lighter, the name Ronson means "world's finest."



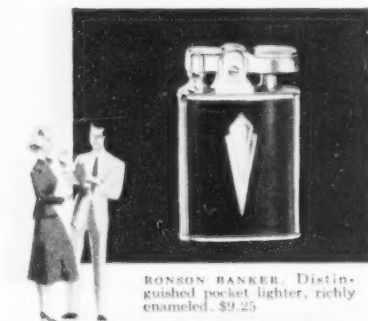
Be sure it's a **RONSON** for every smoker on your gift list!



**RONSON MEDALLIST.** With monogram shield—choice of six jewel-tone enamel colors. \$6.50



**RONSON DIANA.** Table lighter in polished and satin heavy silver plate. \$12



**RONSON BANKER.** Distinguished pocket lighter, richly enameled. \$9.25



**RONSON LEONA.** Table lighter in silver plate, floral enamel. \$14.50



**RONSON ADONIS.** Slim as a fine watch. Richly enameled with floral design. \$14.25

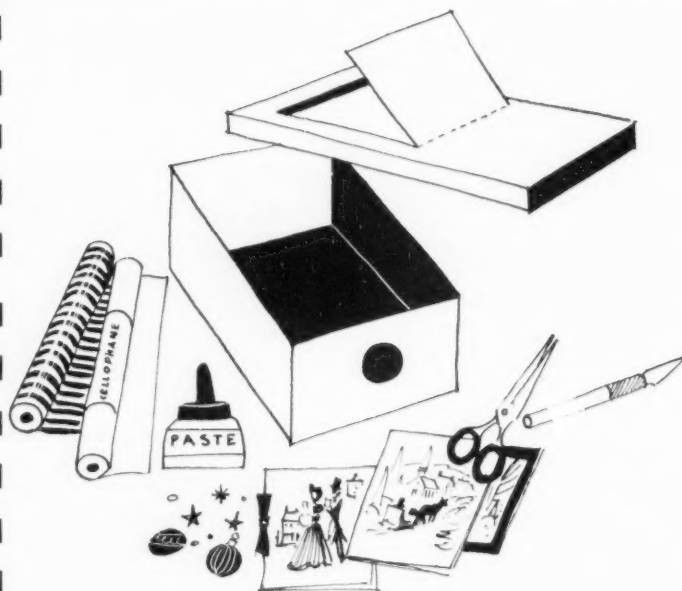


**RONSON DECANTER.** Table lighter in heavy silver plate. \$19

Enjoy Ronson's "Hollywood Stars on Stage", Wednesday nights, 9 P.M., E.S.T., CBC Dominion Network; and Ronson's "Le Journal de Claude-Henri Grignon," every week, CKAC, Montreal; CHRC, Quebec; CKRS, Jonquiere. (Check local papers for details)

Ronson Art Metal Works (Canada) Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

## YOUNGSTERS— MAKE A PEEP SHOW



ONCE upon a time there was a little girl who loved to help open all the family Christmas cards, and clip them to the tree. Christmas Day was so exciting that she made a wish that Christmas would go on happening every day for weeks and weeks. But soon the tree began to drop, and mother said it must come down. So the little girl and her younger brother helped pack away all the bobbles and silvery things. Then they looked at the stack of pretty cards. And the little girl had an idea. "Let's cut out the skaters and angels and stars and Santas, and make a peep show!" So they did.

Because we watched closely we can help you make one, too. Take a shoebox and cover the bottom with silver paper saved from mother's tea packages — or use some pretty wrapping paper. Then inside the box at the very back paste the biggest winter scene you can find. Along the sides paste little churches and snowy houses, to make a village. Here and there on the "floor" of the box paste little stand-up figures cut from cards. Leave enough extra card at the bottom of each so it can be folded under and pasted. At the front of the box cut a peephole, and decorate round it. Mother will help cut the flap in the box lid, and you can paste a square of cellophane on the inside of the lid. And you are ready for plenty of fun with your very own peep show!

This clever little girl had a brother, as we told you. He was a very independent lad (all boys are) and he

Anybody can get a Christmas present...but here's an extra-special after-Christmas present for you to make

decided that what his sister could do, he could do better. So he found another shoebox and started to make a moving picture, in technicolor.

Really! And this is how he did it.

He saves colored comics (Pogo is his favorite). He cut these into strips and pasted one strip after another on paper. Then he got two rounded sticks (his dad cut these from a wooden coat hanger) and pasted one end of his long comic strip to one stick and let this dry well. Then he rolled the comics carefully round and round this stick, until he came to the end which he pasted carefully on the second stick. Using his water colors he painted the bottom of the box a pretty blue. He cut the peephole and asked his mother to help cut the flap in the lid. And he decorated the outside of the box until it looked like a real movie theatre. With the lid off he poked the sticks which held the "film" through the bottom of the box, one on each side at the back. Then he set the lid in place, and saw a matinee, as he slowly wound the film from one "reel" to the other.



Drawings by Walter Coucill

THE COLOGNE WITH THE AFTER-GLOW...

# Pink Mist



## Pink Mist COLOGNE

... a romantic floral fragrance—  
a gift of sweet remembrance for a special someone  
... or for yourself

## Cashmere Bouquet



**HURRAY! IT'S MY OLD FAVORITE!**



**Johnson's  
BABY  
POWDER**



No wonder babies get excited when mother brings out gentle, soothing *Johnson's Baby Powder!*

For this nursery favorite — preferred by 8 out of 10 mothers — feels cool and soft as daisy petals to tender baby skin. Soothes painful chafes and prickles — helps keep them away!

**LOOK WHAT MOM DISCOVERED NOW!**



**Johnson's  
BABY  
LOTION**



Today, your baby can also enjoy a *new* nursery wonder — *Johnson's Baby Lotion!*

Use this smooth, snow-white, pleasant Lotion *exactly like baby oil* — after baby's bath, at diaper changes. Hospital-proved to give never-before protection against heat rash and other minor skin irritations.

And oh, mother! What a delight to use! *Johnson's Baby Lotion* feels lovely as white velvet. Soft. Fragrant. Never sticky. Add Lotion to baby's nursery tray today!

**Johnson & Johnson**  
LIMITED MONTREAL

**NOW . . . for only \$1**

**Twelve of the World's Finest Perfumes**

Read about Chatelaine's offer to you . . . a purse-size packet containing two bottlelettes each of twelve famous perfumes . . . for only One Dollar.

**SEE PAGE 67 FOR THIS AMAZING OFFER.  
AVAILABLE ONLY FROM CHATELAINE.**

## YOUNG PARENTS



## YOUR CHILD AND CHRISTMAS

ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, M.D., DIRECTOR, CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

### Let Him Believe in Santa Claus

Christmas is far more fun when there are children in the family and we all enjoy buying presents for them. A few years ago there was quite a flurry among the psychiatrists as to whether it was wise for us to keep up the Santa Claus myth. Some of them felt that we shouldn't deceive youngsters in this way. As a child naturally trusts his parents, these experts feared that the inevitable disillusionment about Santa Claus would shake their faith in their elders. Possibly the child himself would not be conscious of this shock, but unconscious! — it would be damaging.

To me this danger seems exaggerated and here in Canada where Santa Claus is so much talked about, it might even be more unkind to make the child an "unbeliever" at an early age. Children want to be like each other and a little youngster that does not believe in Santa Claus would certainly be out of line. Most people have happy recollections of the days when they looked forward to Santa's visits and most older youngsters aid and abet their younger brothers and sisters to believe in this fantasy. Very soon the youngsters begin to see discrepancies in the story, but no one seems the worse for it. Of course, we don't teach our children other things that we don't believe and perhaps we should be consistent and give up Santa Claus too. However, you'll have to make up your own mind about that.

### Useful Presents

Most young parents find the cost of bringing up children nowadays a heavy

burden. Also most small youngsters are overwhelmed by the number of toys they receive—as a matter of fact it's a good idea to put some away and bring them out later one by one when a new diversion is needed. Consequently it would be wise of us to choose or make useful presents this year for our young friends and relations.

Naturally you would find out what was needed for the child before you make your choice. Little babies need plenty of flannelette nightgowns—preferably open all the way down the back and tied with tapes and with drawstrings at the wrists as well. Sleepers are fine for older babies and the two-piece ones are the most useful. Overalls, sweaters, soakers, mitts, bonnets and a sleeping bag made with buttons instead of a zipper might all be very welcome.

### Small Folk Furniture

Playpens are a tremendous help and are fine for babies between the ages of six to eighteen months and if your husband is a fair carpenter, he might make one at home. The kind that fold up are handier and a floor in them is a great advantage as that keeps the youngster off the draughty house floor. The sides could be made of heavy wire netting instead of the standard rungs. Horizontal slats are another alternative. Varnish is better than paint as a finish. In fact, never paint anything used by a small youngster unless you are sure the paint contains no lead either in the base or the pigment. If a child chews on a surface covered with lead-containing paint he likely will become danger-

# HOLGATE and TEACH-A-TOT TOYS



—PERFECT CHRISTMAS GIFTS  
FOR LITTLE GIRLS AND BOYS!



**ROCKY COLOR CONE**  
One of the most popular of the Holgate line. Children get a lot of fun out of placing brightly colored discs on the upright spindle.

## BABY TRAIN

For the very youngest railroader this cute little train gives children a wonderful incentive for crawling. Makes a good pull-toy as baby grows older.



## BINGO BED

Mothers everywhere welcome this pounding board because it gives the youngsters a safe outlet for their energies.



## KIDDIES' TABLE

Just the thing to keep the youngsters out of mischief. Comes complete with little folding chair, blackboard, crayon board and writing accessories.



## ALLEY BOARD

Indoors or out, rolling alleys is always fun—especially when the gang gets together. Board comes complete with set of colored alleys.



## CRAYON BOARD

Something quite new in the way of a crayon writing surface. In addition it has a blackboard surface and a counting frame. Ideal for pre-school tots.



The Holgate and Teach-a-Tot Toys shown above are but a few of the many fine educational wooden toys now being manufactured in Canada by H.C.F. They are attractive, safe, durable and entertaining. Sold at better Toy Stores everywhere!

Manufactured and sold in Canada by

**HILL-CLARK-  
FRANCIS  
LIMITED**

NEW LISKEARD, ONTARIO

Canadian Distributors:  
**THE FRANK E. LUCAS COMPANY**  
66 Wellington St. W. Toronto, Ontario

**RANGE-GREASE**  
easily  
removed

Just apply Kleenoff, leave  
awhile and then wash off.  
It's so easy!

**Kleenoff**  
MADE IN CANADA



ously ill. A low table and chair—low enough so that he can place his feet flat on the floor—are fine for children's meals and games. These don't need to be fancy and a man who is smart with tools could make them himself.

Children learn a great deal from toys. They learn how to use their hands, they develop their leg and other muscles, they gradually learn the different "feel," color and size of various objects and they stimulate their imaginations and many other of their faculties. They usually start off with washable rattles and soft dolls because, for the first year at least, they lead a hand-to-mouth existence.

As soon as they know how to walk they are ready for push and pull toys—a small wooden box, possibly with casters screwed on as wheels, a sturdy train made of three ten-inch lengths of two-by-four scantling joined together by hooks and screweyes. A large spool could be screwed on for a smokestack and a small block would serve for the cab of the engine. Small youngsters don't demand scale models and a crude train or boat that can be pulled around provides them with a lot of fun and exercise. Sturdiness is more important than beauty.

Simple bright pictures cut from magazines and stuck on a book made of factory cotton make a cheap but attractive picture book. A homemade doll's bed with bedclothes will probably be just as well received as a bought one and no doubt will last a good deal longer. Doll clothes and blocks are old standbys. For older children hollow blocks made of 3/4" lumber and about 24" x 6" x 6" in size are great favorites. Slots should be cut in the ends so they will be easy to carry. With enough, real walls and houses can be built, but they are quite a lot of work to make.

## What Not to Buy

Don't buy toys that the child can't manage. For example, mechanical toys that he can't wind up himself are a poor choice. Besides they usually are rather fragile and soon get out of order. All too often we buy toys we'd like to play with ourselves. Also you should avoid those with sharp edges or points when you are shopping for a preschool child. If the toy has a squeak or a bell, see that it is in or on tight. If it comes loose the baby may choke on it. Similarly, wooden beads that are small enough for him to swallow are dangerous, and breakable dolls and toys are naturally poor ones to buy.

Balls and animals on wheels are fine for the youngster who is starting to walk. Later on steady doll carriages, wagons and wheelbarrows are fine. Records to which the child can dance or sing action songs are fun for him. Pails, shovels, small kitchen and household utensils help him to play house. Blunt-ended scissors, colored paper and paste interest him as he gets on toward kindergarten. So do plasticine and a little blackboard. A small-sized but good saw and a little hammer are excellent too and infinitely better than the carpenter sets that even an adult can't make work. A good stuffed animal will last for years and become a family pet. In general, you would be wise to buy well-made toys that will stand up to plenty of hard usage and that can be used in many different ways. +



**D**ESPITE an eager urge to learn, it takes even the cleverest baby weeks and weeks to get that spoon from plate to mouth with food still on it. But once the art of self-feeding is mastered, baby will polish off a favourite dish in 10 minutes or less.

And where favourite dishes are concerned, Heinz leads the list with babies. Taste Heinz Baby Foods yourself and you'll understand why more than 7 out of 10 mothers are regular Heinz customers. Such temptingly good flavour . . . such fine, fresh colour . . . such smooth, even texture!

No baby could enjoy better eating or more wholesome nourishment than Heinz Baby Foods provide. And no baby could ask for more variety. At your dealer's, look them all over and select from the many different kinds.

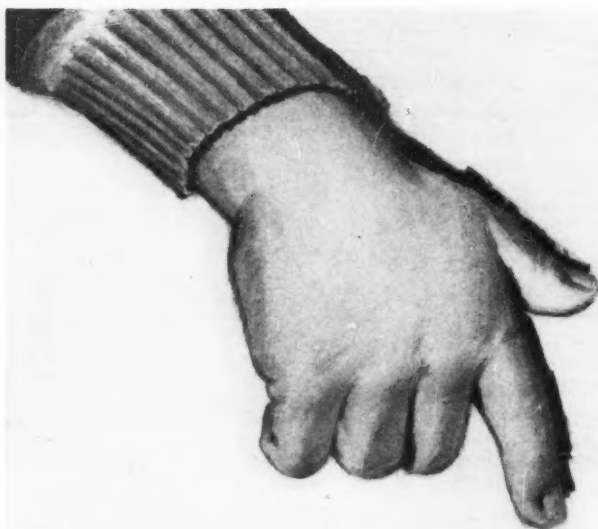
## HEINZ BABY FOODS

3 Baby Cereals 27 Strained Foods 19 Junior Foods

You know they're good because they're Heinz







## The law of the LITTLE HAND

Every little guy knows this law by heart.  
You learn it when you get to be about 4.  
There's a smiling clerk at a candy counter.  
There's a little guy. His nose is pressed against glass. His eyes  
are eager, shining... slowly choosing. Suddenly,  
his chubby little hand points...  
To see it work does something warm and good to you deep down inside.  
It is the law of the little hand.

Now this is a law, so simple they don't talk much about it.  
They never wrote it in the Constitution. Too unimportant—perhaps.  
You see, it's only the right to buy whatever brand name  
you want. To choose the best for the money.  
At first you choose among candy bars... comic books... or bubble  
gums. When you get older, it's brands of soup and soap... hair  
tonics and hand lotions... washing machines and motor cars.  
Eventually you learn that brand names bring you the better and  
better products. You can trust them. They are guaranteed good.  
By the law of the little hand.

The brand name means that the maker believes in the law of the  
little hand... the customer's freedom of choice... and free  
competition among manufacturers to give you better and  
better goods at lower prices.  
Backed by the law of the little hand, brand names build strong  
companies and factories to make this country  
prosperous in peace... and stronger in war.  
Every time you buy the brand names... such as the many  
products advertised in this magazine... you assure yourself of the  
best value for the money. You help build the strength of Canada.  
That is the law of the little hand.

**Whenever you buy—  
demand the brand you want**

Published in the interest of Consumer Protection by  
**CHATELAINE**  
in Cooperation with  
**BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION**  
INCORPORATED  
A non-profit educational foundation

Continued from page 72

Anna; that he was a young and determined hermit.

An island of a man, he said as he nosed the plow northward to get the vet for Simon, a man sufficient unto himself. Human relationships were a ruddy nuisance. To love someone was an open invitation to be hurt and hurt hard and deep. Better to keep the loving for harmless things like animals and flowers. That half acre of roses over which he and old Miss Claire Torrison had gloated all summer. People had come for miles to see it and Miss Claire had won five ribbons and three medals for Timothy's summer labor.

Roses, Timothy thought sardonically, you could love till the cows came home and they'd do you no more harm than a thorn in the thumb. Then he wondered if she would be here next summer, if she would come to see Miss Claire's roses. The thought shook him a little. I'm getting, he said as he concentrated on pushing the rickety machine as hard as it would go, as silly as a mule between two bundles of hay. But falling in love was no bundle of hay.

Fiercely he turned his thoughts back to the box by Stony Bush. By the time he had reached the vet the snow had stopped and a pallid sun appeared. He squinted sleepily all the way home and was ready to nap when Lloyd Scott shouted from the driveway. He had brought a letter to Timothy since he was passing by.

It was from Ralph Torrison. They wanted two bigger-than-ever trees from Stony Bush for Christmas and he would come down himself the week end before to get them. Timothy put the letter in the stove. Ralph wrote one like it every year and then came down to collect at least six trees to distribute, gratis, wherever one was needed. To Timothy, six years his senior, Ralph seemed as likable a young scapegrace as any wealthy family would care to be bothered with.

When the old doctor had taped Simon's paw and clucked over him a few times Timothy told him what had happened. "Lucky Simon," said the man tucking the dollars into his worn wallet.

"Lucky Simon," Timothy repeated dully and went to look again at the diagram of the box. When this snow settled down, then the big freeze would come. The temperature would swoop down to zero and perhaps below it. He fell asleep with the book and Simon's head on his chest.

The following Thursday Timothy passed Karen Salter on his way to the field. She was walking toward him with her head bent and her shoulders drooping. Was she lost in daydreams, or merely dejected? He stopped to speak to her about Simon's paw healing nicely but she looked through and beyond him. He turned to call her name, but stopped himself in time. Why trespass? That first year after Anna had left, how bitterly he had resented every friendly overture, how he had longed for complete isolation. Like a dog, he had wanted to crawl into a hole and lick his wound until it healed, if it ever would. He had never believed it would.

She had eyes that were just the blue of the horizon when snow threatened, a smoky blue, and yet he felt sure when

**Eyes tired?**

**Two drops**

**Quick relief**

**MURINE**  
FOR YOUR EYES

## YOUR CHILD WILL LIKE

### This Kind of Laxative

Ex-Lax is effective, but in a gentle way. It won't weaken or upset your child. It won't make her feel bad afterwards.

— it's not too strong!

Ex-Lax can be given to your children with complete confidence. It has a fine chocolate taste, and its action is dependable and thorough.

— it's not too mild!

Ex-Lax is one laxative that avoids extremes. It works gently and effectively at the same time. In other words, Ex-Lax is

— the Happy Medium!

### EX-LAX

The Chocolate Laxative

Still only 15¢ and 35¢.

**Give Cash's WOVEN NAMES**

**This Christmas**

and please everyone on your list with a personalized gift. Attractive styles and colours permanently woven on fine tape. Easy to apply by sewing or with No-So Cement. Made in Canada. Order early from your dealer or

**Cash's** — BELLEVILLE 7 ONTARIO

CASH'S NAMES	12 dec. \$1.80	9 dec. \$3.00	NO-SO CEMENT
	14 dec. \$2.40	12 dec. \$3.50	per tube 25¢

**DECEMBER 1951**

**The Soup of the Month**

**HEINZ MUSHROOM SOUP**

she laughed, when she was happy, they would be the bright blue of early larkspur.

Anxiously he peered through the pane of glass in the lid of the box. Snow had kept out the bitterness of the cold, but any night now the deep cold would come with frost taking cracking deep bites into the toughest of trees. What would it do to the tender little spray inside the box?

Timothy set a large china cup deep in the peat moss inside the box and put a thick tallow candle almost a foot high in the cup. He struck a match on the lid of the box, lit the candle, then carefully closed the lid. Air would seep through the cracks to keep the candle burning but for how long? He didn't know. He'd have to watch it as a nurse watched an incubator.

While he heaped snow about the box he wondered why it was some men would always attempt the seemingly impossible. He guessed he was one of that naïve but happy band who had just about eliminated the word from their minds. Looking down at the flickering light he thought of the few things he had wanted and how he had wanted them, intensely, with all the force of his mind, the hunger of his spirit, the work of his body. He remembered now more vividly than ever the look the family had worn when he had turned his back on the successful law firm his father had established and become, instead, a gardener—a stationary tramp, his sister had said bitterly. His parents were dead and his sister married and living on the coast somewhere and only the wanting to be a gardener had remained with him.

When he had met Anna he had wanted her in much the same headlong fashion and it had frightened her. If he had been at all foresighted he would have known she would run away rather than stay to quarrel with him. Puttering about the big house that evening he thought of Anna more than he had for a long time. He hoped she was happy. And his thinking was punctuated with the memory of how Karen Salter's eyes had looked through him, and the quiet tone of her voice. He was half-frightened; he was a burned child.

Karen Salter's long walks were confined to the highways now the snow was deep. Timothy saw her often, but she seemed always to turn off the road whenever anyone approached her. But once she kept on walking toward him and he called down to her, making his voice light and cheerful.

"That wind will cut you in half before you get home. Better have some coffee."

He had jumped down beside her and pulled the thermos from his small pack. She was so close he could see the small dimple beside her lips and the uncertain smile, the uneasy reticence. He poured coffee into the small cup-top and gave it to her.

"What about yours?" she asked quietly. "You must be cold, too, riding that plow for hours."

"When I get tired Tony Tamaro takes over. It's really Bert Ingles' job but he broke a leg."

They sipped in silence for a moment before she said, "You find plenty of work in such a small place, no doubt."

"Plenty," he agreed. "Not much here for young women, though. You want a job?" he asked shyly, knowing as he

asked that, if she said yes, he would turn the county inside out looking for a good one for her.

"I don't need one before spring." She handed back the empty cup. "Then I'll probably go back to the city. That was wonderful coffee. Thank you very much."

He had given her latitude and she had been, momentarily, almost friendly. It had been difficult not to stare at her. Had he thought her plain? How could he have thought such a thing! And was it her lonely way, or was it because their eyes were almost level that he had felt uncannily that he was looking at himself, another version of himself?

She turned and lifted her bright mitt in farewell. "Thank you."

"Behalf of Simon," he shouted quickly and climbed back up on the plow. As the old faithful snuffled along he knew his hard-won peace was over. He fought it still, day by day. He passed her looking the other way, as if he had never seen the snow curving into the ditch before. When he could not read, he walked over the fields to light another candle, but even there her presence was real, for he had only to glance up to be reminded of how she had looked that first time he saw her. There seemed no escape from thinking about her. He would have gone into the bush to work at the camp but for the content of the box and the fact that there was no one else to help Tony keep the roads cleared.

And then, on the twentieth of December, he found a small cluster of green buds on one of the three sprays in the box. He had achieved the impossible. With the thermometer flirting with zero, a wooden box and a candle, and an abiding love for lesser miracles like roses.

On that day Ralph Torrison came to take the Christmas trees to the city. Timothy went with him into Stony Bush to cut them and, as he had expected, Ralph wanted more than two. He had to explain to him why this or that tree which Ralph fancied would not do and Ralph listened with his fair head tilted, his pointed face lit with interest. Timothy had often marveled at the way Ralph's face would light at the slightest provocation and literally bloomed when he was enthusiastic. When Ralph's face glowed he knew it was not because of what he was saying about trees. Glancing over his shoulder he saw Karen Salter walking briskly, unaware of their presence screened as they were by juniper stumps and low clumps of bushes heavy with snow.

"Say," Ralph murmured, "when did she blow into town?"

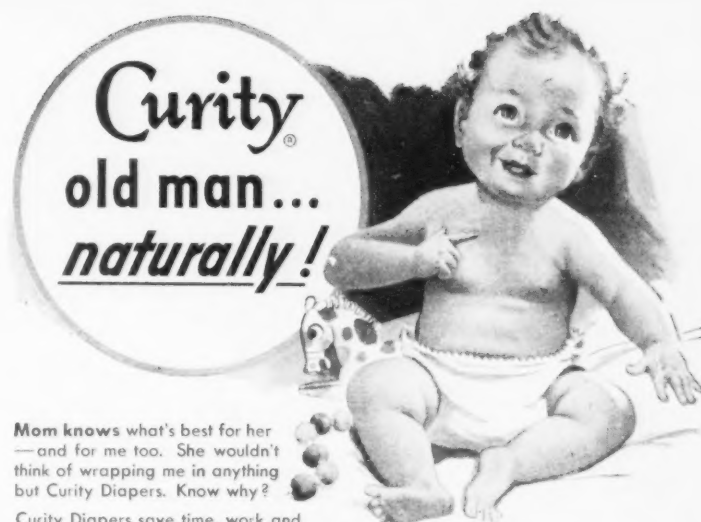
Timothy felt an instantaneous curdling within him. "I wouldn't know."

"You wouldn't know?" Ralph widened his light eyes. "Tim, old boy, you're getting old. Over the hill."

"Yeah," said Timothy impatiently, knowing well the nature of that curdling within. "Let's get on with it." He was mad clean through when the trees were marked and glad to be able to chop furiously.

"You don't need to knock yourself out," Ralph admonished lightly but Timothy pretended not to hear.

It was worse when Ralph had gone. He had nothing to do but eat, sleep and read and keep the candle burning in the box. It had stopped snowing. The ice was not yet deep enough on the lake for cutting. In desperation he



Mom knows what's best for her—and for me too. She wouldn't think of wrapping me in anything but Curity Diapers. Know why?

Curity Diapers save time, work and money. Two dozen Curity Diapers do the work of three dozen of other brands because they are more absorbent, wash easier, dry faster, resist wrinkles when laundering, have no seams, feel softer and fold easier—patented Curity Foldline, woven into the fabric, shows simple fold pattern—easily adjustable as baby grows.

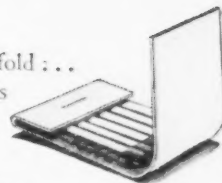
Curity Diapers are endorsed by leading hospitals, doctors, medical authorities and—mothers! They know what's best. Mothers, especially, appreciate the economy of Curity Diapers.

Your basic layette is not complete without Curity pads, masks and bibs. They represent the advanced ideas of the medical profession and of noted authorities on infant's care. Remember them when you buy your economical Curity Diapers.

ALWAYS INSIST ON



Balance an ordinary match book on its fold... let it fall forward. Note how it rolls straight forward without wobbling. This, basically, is the underlying principle of the unique Jumping-Jacks heel.



### Jumping-Jacks

are especially designed for a child's first steps. The continuous sole extending up the back of the heel, gives support where it's needed, helps keep the tiny feet straight. Moccasin toes give plenty of room to grow. Foot health and good posture in later years depend on good shoes now. Be sure with Jumping-Jacks—in boots and sandals, white or coloured. \$3.95



# JUMPING-JACKS

by Savage

THE SAVAGE SHOE COMPANY LIMITED • PRESTON • ONTARIO



## Beauty ON A BUDGET



### ...yours with **Kirsch** (DRAW CORD) TRAVERSE RODS

Give your home a beauty treatment — *inexpensively!* Beautify your windows with draw curtains on smooth-working traverse rods made by KIRSCH.

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85  
WINDOW  
IDEAS  
FOR YOU



Send 25c for "Smart Window Styling", telling you how to add beauty to every window in every room.



MADE IN 4  
EXTENDABLE  
SIZES

to fit windows from 28" to 130" wide. Also available cut-to-measure, for extra "custom" luxury.



Choose the Name  
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Also makers of  
SUN-AIRE VENETIAN BLINDS  
with the "S" shaped slot

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Woodstock, Ont.

went to Lloyd Scott's farm and worked for two afternoons repairing harness, small wagons, and hooking dolls' arms back onto their bodies. While the children romped and squealed around him he pondered whether it might not be that what, taken at first glance, were virtues actually were just one or two more faces for pride. Fidelity, perseverance, singlemindedness. People spoke of them as if they were always fine but they could move as if by some mysterious tide sometimes to bless and sometimes to injure.

On the morning before Christmas two of the little girls came to him with a basket containing a chicken stuffed ready for the oven, a pie, and a note saying to "come on over any time."

"Come and see what Santa brings," they shouted from the long driveway.

"Maybe I will if it doesn't snow," he called back and watched them shuffling homeward, their thin sharp voices clear on the cold air.

With Simon he took another candle to the box in the field. The snow was like salt now and the sky was clear blue. He had set a cardboard box in a box of straw and this he set on the lid of the box as it lay open to the sky.

The candle in the box had burned down to the last inch of wick. One short branch of dark green leaves now carried a cluster of pinkish-white silken flowers. Timothy cut off the branch, set it carefully in the box within a box and closed the lids. He cleaned the old tallow out of the cup and lit the new candle, closed the box and heaped a little of the fine snow around it.

Miss Claire had ordered all of the roses, but how had that particular oddity come in the bundle of tea-roses? Did Miss Claire know it had come? She had never mentioned the green stub sitting between the Countess Vandals and the big McGredy's Yellow. It had remained a green stub until mid-October when he was preparing to bed down all the roses for the winter. Then he had found it with tiny green leaves like fists curled about the stub and out of curios-

ity he had boxed it over and waited to see what happened, not knowing what it was, for the root had come without a tag. He knew now what it was.

Carrying the box carefully he went down to the house to wash his hands. It was Christmastime and he had something wonderful to share. With whom? He did not have to look at the fragile blossoms to know for whom they were meant, of whom they reminded him.

Passing under the tall Scotch pines he knew that he had been hurt, his pride, his heart, and that he could be hurt again. When Karen Salter opened the door he wished with a sick longing that the thorn of fears need not accompany every happiness that blossomed into life.

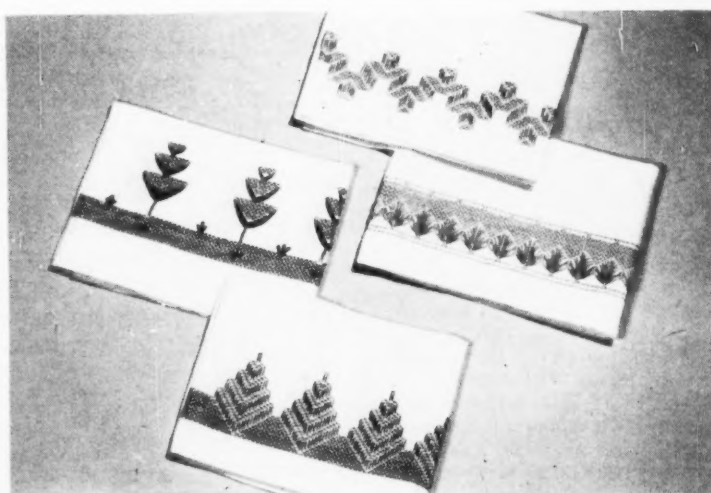
"Merry Christmas," he said bluntly but softly, holding out the box. Her warm hand touched his as she reached for the box and he noticed that her eyes were pink-rimmed as if she had been crying.

Bracing himself, he went on, "Kind of an outrage, spending Christmas alone. Would you like to go over to Lloyd Scott's place with me tomorrow? We'd be welcome," he added surely.

Just for a moment she wavered and he found his heart in his throat with the prayer that she would not be as he had been, stubborn and proud and foolish, wasting the years ahead. Her black eyelashes were still damply tangled like a little girl's and there was no lipstick on her pale pink mouth. She looked for a long moment, steadily, then held the door wide.

"Would you like some coffee? I just made some a few minutes ago."

Simon was already in the narrow hall, his tail going like an aspen leaf and when Timothy hesitated he gave a rebuking "Woof!" In the low-ceilinged yellow kitchen she set out two cups and saucers and when the coffee was poured she sat across from him, stirring slowly, not looking at him. Simon sprawled before the fire as if he had always lived there.



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"He's mighty grateful," Timothy said to break the silence and she looked up thankfully.

"He's rather nice."

The soft blue wool dress clung to her slender body and her thin hands rested lightly on the yellow table cover. She looked lost and alone, not proud and angrily reserved as he had been. He was afraid of what he might say if he looked too long and so turned away to the window where a bright array of plants were crowded. He didn't want to crowd her at all.

She seemed to sense his slight withdrawal and responded. How quiet and deep her voice in the tiny room! "Flowers. You know, I worked for years to have a florist's shop, then lost it because I had so little business sense and it—it mattered terribly. Funny, how you think you can succeed because you want to so badly."

He didn't dare turn his head to look at her. Instead he said, "Why not open your box? It won't wait until tomorrow, I'm afraid."

He couldn't tell her now that failure was not a useless thing. It wasn't something to be told but to be discovered in time.

When she lifted the lid of the inner box he held his breath in fear that the icy air may have reached the flowers, or that he may have bruised them carrying them to her, but her intaken breath told him they looked just as they had when he found them.

"Where did you get it? How fragile!"

"Grew them in a box in that field by Stony Bush where I first saw you," he answered simply, feeling a dizzying rush of joy to see her smiling. "I'm Timothy Fenn, gardener to the Torrisons during the summer and whatever I please come snow. I didn't even know what they were when they sprouted but just coddled them along out of curiosity and then it got so I just couldn't let them die."

"No, you couldn't." She gave him a quick glance of sympathetic understanding, her shyness gone. "Not a Christmas rose."

Watching her tenderly lift up the branch of loveliness he had no room in his mind to wonder about the past or the future. He only wanted, as he wanted few things, always to see her eyes as they were now, bright, and the gay and innocent blue of early larkspur.

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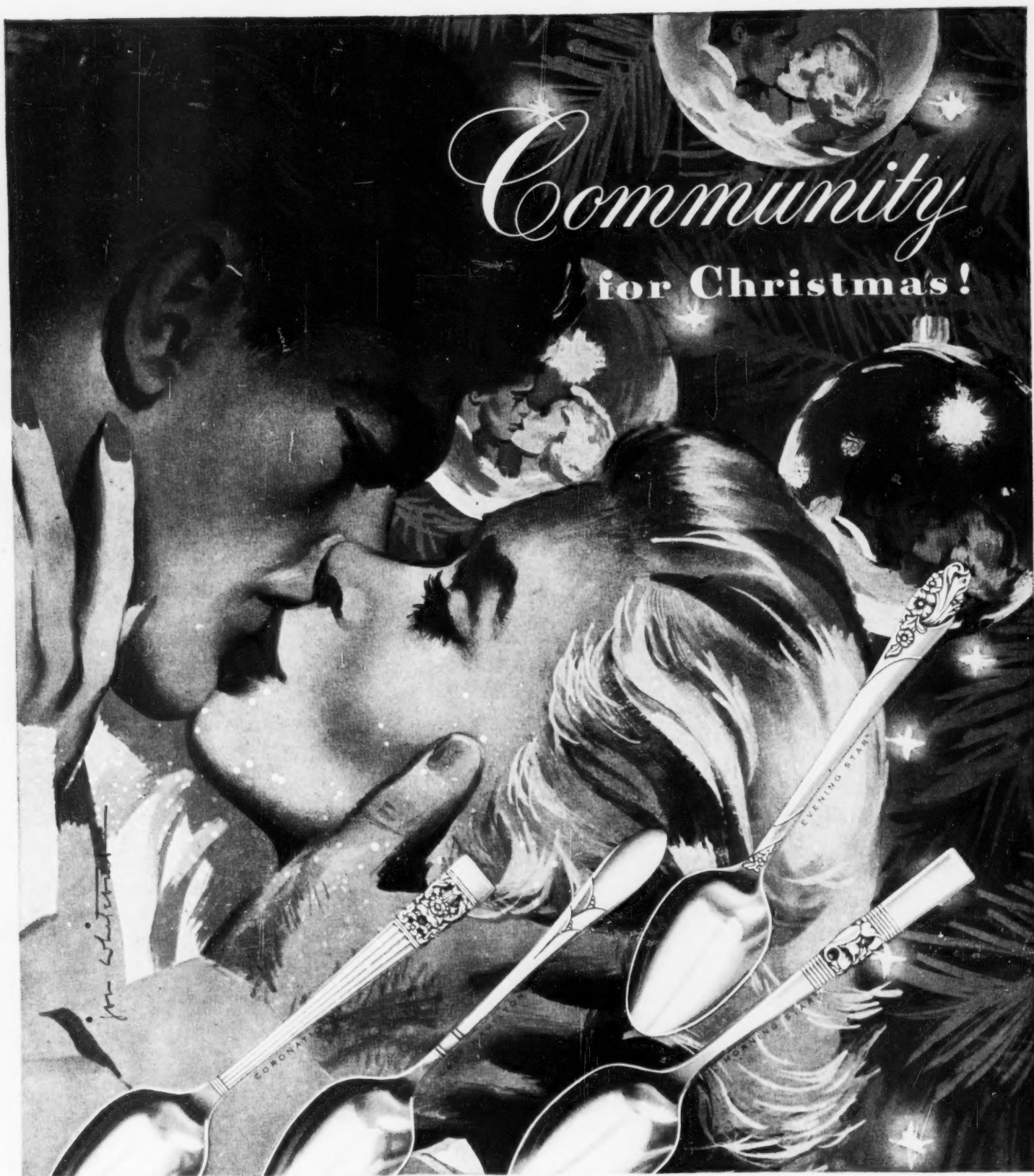
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